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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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TRAINING FOR HER MATCH.

THE WAY IN WHICH THE BUXOM BELLES OF WASHINGTON ARE PREPARED FOR THE SOCIAL AND MATRIMONIAL CONTEST.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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First in war, first in peace—and last to get a monument.

CAPT. WILLIAMS still clings affectionately to his darlin' old shtick.

DR. DAMROSC is dead, but the pestiferous organ-grinder positively refuses to die.

LET no stranger in our city be at all alarmed. We have had harder winters than this.

THE Mikado of Japan is of Irish descent, the family name originally being MacAdoo.

YSEULT DUDLEY, at her preliminary trial, performed a remarkable feat. She held her tongue.

GEORGE WASHINGTON can turn out as many relations as the next man, when it comes to a celebration.

IN gazing at the Washington monument the multitude will see everything except a monument of George.

BEFORE Mr. Moody can talk intelligently on the subject of roller-skating he should take a tumble himself.

BETWEEN them, El Mahdi in the Soudan, and El Pahdi in Ireland, are giving poor John Bull plenty to do.

WHEN Wolseley said he would be in Khartoum at the end of January he was a less successful False Prophet than El Mahdi.

A WISCONSIN hog recently ate two quarts of nitro-glycerine. That hog's pen is a good deal dynamighter than the sword.

THERE is a gleam of sunshine through the banks of snow-clouds. The baseball managers are beginning to hold conventions.

CANNED tomatoes, to pass muster in Canada, must have a label assuring the purchaser that the package is not an infernal machine.

IT is said a single oyster will produce 1,376,451 young oysters in one season. How many a married one will produce we are not informed.

A DAKOTA Judge who didn't raise a row when a lawyer called him a liar has been forced by public indignation to resign his position.

JOSEPH COOK says whisky is king. We are surprised to hear this. We always supposed Cook was king. He has hitherto so asserted.

THE roller-skate is crowding the mother-in-law, the spring poet, and several other well-known characters to the foot of the funny column.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is about the only patron of the arts and sciences whose name has not been mentioned in connection with a cabinet position.

THE prospects for woman suffrage in the West are said to be good. Then let the prospects stay there. The West is welcome to a monopoly of the subject.

SEVERAL days have elapsed since the London detectives caught anybody with an American accent in his possession. Let the reward be increased at once.

THE great trouble with the New Orleans Exposition seems to have been that the doors were opened about three months before the time for the curtain to rise.

A PROHIBITORY law is tersely characterized by a Philadelphia opponent as "an attempt to protect drunkards against themselves at the expense of other people."

WORTH, the man milliner of Paris, being about to retire, the business of the fashionable foundry will be carried on in the interests of society by his two sons.

BUT even now we should not forget that a distinguished visitor is expected from Asia next summer. The polar waves ought to kill the cholera germ, but they won't.

PEOPLE who are disposed to censure the Mahdi will not be so hard on the poor fellow when they learn that he has a "large collection of wives" dependent on him for support.

MR. HAYES is credited with the possession of ninety-eight Leghorn hens. Mr. Hayes is evidently bent on squandering the money saved by four years of economy at Washington.

A FASHION paper says that undressed kids are the proper thing for the opera. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should see to it that this does not become a custom.

WASHINGTON once said that he could not tell a lie. In this respect some of our modern statesmen differ materially from the Father of His Country. They not only can, but they do.

SEVERAL St. Louis trains are reported abandoned. There is nothing new in this. Trains going to St. Louis have been abandoned for some time. The trains leaving there, however, are always full.

THERE is a social war to the death between the Blaines and Frelinghuysens in Washington. We trust the two families will soon reach a compromise so that business will have a chance to revive.

WITH 75,000 idle men and women, struggling with the rigors of a hard winter, the glad tidings of a better outlook and an encouraging trade will be more welcome in New York than in any city in the Union.

THE poor little sparrow isn't to be protected by law any longer. It will now have to take its chances along with the fenceful cat and the howling dog. The small boy's toy pistol can find a new channel of usefulness.

IT is plain that the liberties of the people are not yet thoroughly established throughout all this broad domain. The superintendent of schools at Halley, Idaho, has been removed because he insists on spelling "Injun" Indian.

THE socialistic party denies that it has anything in common with the dynamiters. This is cheering intelligence. The fact is that no class of men, except cranks, cowards, and assassins, have anything in common with the dynamiters.

EVERY time a man gets an attack of the regular old school-boy stomachache and it reaches the Faber of some tolling scribe, the news is flashed from the Atlantic to the Pacific that a case of genuine Asiatic cholera has been discovered.

JOHN R. WESCOTT, the newly-elected Camden Judge, is said to have taught boxing at Yale College once and to have pulled stroke oar in a college crew. Then he's just the man for Judge. He can clear out the court-room when necessary.

AND now Bishop Mullen, of Pennsylvania, denounces roller-skating. If the rinks fail, it won't be because they were not advertised. The more they are denounced, the more they seem to be patronized. It's a wicked old world and no use talking.

A NEW YORK divine declares that "roller-skating is a device of the devil." It being impossible for his satanic majesty to indulge in the luxury of ice, it is quite natural that he would contrive some kind of skate wherewith to amuse himself.

THREE men have tried to whip three editors during the past week. One of the assaulting parties is in his coffin, another is in jail and another is in bed with two doctors in attendance. The editors are all alive and in uncommonly good health.

GOV. ADAMS, of Nevada, happened to overhaul an old coat the other day, and found \$3,800 in one of the pockets. He had forgotten all about the money. We've done the same thing a dozen times. But it's the first time we knew that Gov. Adams used to be a newspaper man.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, the accomplished editor of the Boston Pilot, is refused permission to visit Canada, without fear of arrest, by authorities of the British government. Considering the class of persons who are given refuge and security against arrest in the Dominion, otherwise known as the Rogues' Rest, Mr. O'Reilly may consider himself honored by the exception made in his case.

THE English army in Egypt captured six wells the other day. The sedentary habits of a well are opposed to expeditious movement, and Mr. Wolseley appears to have outmaneuvered these half-dozen wells rather cleverly for a man not supposed to be capable of outmaneuvering anything.

CANADIANS are not quite so "tearing anxious" to go to the Soudan and fight the bloody heathens as they are said to be by the English military authorities. If a draft was made by the mother country in the Dominion for troops for the Egyptian war a general exodus of Canadians to the United States might be anticipated.

QUEEN VICTORIA is evidently sinking beneath the weight of years. When she succeeds in marrying off the youngest and giddiest daughter, Beatrice, she will probably be ready to die happy. The husband of Beatrice will probably be ready to die happy, too—that is, if she turns out to be anything like her amiable sister, Louise.

A MACHINIST, who states he was employed by a capitalist to investigate the Keely motor, and in order to do so became Keely's assistant, declares the motor to be a fraud in all respects, and that Keely himself knows nothing of mechanics. With the Liberty Bell gone to New Orleans and Keely crushed, Philadelphia needs condolence.

A PRINTER has Gen. Butler bottled up at Abu Klea, instead of Gen. Buller. As there is never any telling where Butler will turn up next, and as he has been lost to view for some time, the conjecture that he was in the desert was not so wild, and it was perfectly natural to suppose that he was bottled up there. In war and politics it is Butler's luck to get into the bottle in time for the other man to put the stopper in.

WITH ALL THE PLEASURE IN LIFE.

IN a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE one M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, Wis., was described as "an enterprising Hebrew who had got to windward" of local commerce to the extent of \$48,000. Upon which a Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, promptly and legally notified Richard K. Fox that his feelings were harassed and lacerated by that publication to an incredible extent. Now, Mr. Fox hasn't the pleasure of the acquaintance of either of these gentlemen—if they are two personalities instead of a single individual. He is just as loath to injure Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, as he is to trample upon the sensibilities of Mr. M. Lesser, of New York. And if Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, and Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, are one and the same, and, moreover, if Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, is naturally incensed by the statement that Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, "got to the windward" of anybody, then to the Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, and to the Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, or to the Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee and New York, Mr. Fox desires to convey the assurance of his distinguished confidence that neither of them, or him, as the case may be, would do anything half so nautical as to get to the windward of anybody or anything, unless it might be of a skunk engaged in the active dissemination of its private sentiments.

Moreover, Mr. Fox feels sure that Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, or Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, or both of them, or either of him, as the case may be, knows more about his own personal relation to this particular case of true windwardness than Mr. Fox possibly could himself, so if Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, is willing to declare that Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, did not get to the windward of anybody to the extent of \$48,000, or if Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee, can and will conscientiously say the same thing of Mr. M. Lesser, of New York, or, in the third and last hypothetical case, if Mr. M. Lesser, of New York and Milwaukee will speak equally well of Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee and New York—why, then, Mr. Fox is only too glad to say that he believes either of them or both of them or, for that matter, the whole lot.

Finally, if there was malice in the statement that Mr. M. Lesser, of anywhere at all, had "got to windward" of anybody anywhere else, that element was not supplied by Mr. Fox or with his advice and consent. The allegation against Mr. M. Lesser (such as it was) was made by one of Mr. M. Lesser's co-religionists in Milwaukee and supplemented by a slip cut from a newspaper. Malice toward Mr. M. Lesser, of New York—or even toward Mr. M. Lesser, of Milwaukee! Perish the thought. Why, Richard K. Fox doesn't feel malicious even when he is interrupted in his good work of civilizing mankind by the complaint of a very estimable gentleman in New York that his feelings have been wounded by an altogether well-meant, and, at its worst, merely vague allusion to another equally estimable gentleman of the same name in Milwaukee.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Big, amiable, soft-spoken, kind-hearted Joe O'Connor, what knight of the cue hasn't heard his subtle invitation to "try just a little something." It is one thing to see the wonderfully high-toned crowd which plays billiards in the vast room on Twenty-second street and Broadway, and another to bask in the jovial smiles of the long-legged, broad shouldered and always hospitable O'Connor family. The woods seem to be full of them. The room is anyhow.

Wm. Gibbs, of Elmira, N. Y., has purchased Big Fellow, 2:23 1/4.

There will be no book-making at the Saratoga races this year.

Winter races on the ice are very popular at Union Springs, N. Y.

Isador Cohnfeld thinks that Maxey Cobb will beat the world this year.

Budd Doble thinks that Johnston will pace a mile in 2 minutes this year.

Mr. Woodruff, of Lexington, Ky., sold 150 horses at public sale last week for \$35,000.

Bailey, the new twirler for the Metropolitan, last season pitched for the New York team.

Lucas would like to secure Jerry Dorgan, of the New Yorks, if the management will let him go.

President Diddleboch denies that the Eastern League intends to make war with the older association.

Robinson, who was with the Providence last season, has been engaged to catch for the Brooklyn.

Manning, of the Philadelphia Club, will fill Paul Hipes' position in case he is released by the Providence.

The Reach ball has been adopted by the American Association and the Eastern League for the season of 1885.

Boyle, who has been reinstated by the Eastern League, was Lucas' right-hand man last year, and will be signed immediately by him.

Lucas is working quietly, but with effect, for the reinstatement of the reserve rule-jumpers, but not in the interest of the contract-breakers.

Captain P. O. Kidd, one of the greatest auctioneers in this country, has been engaged by C. J. Hamlin, of this city, to do the talking at his great sale at the Buffalo Driving Park, May 19 and 20. The catalogue will be ready for distribution this week.

Mr. Easton, who has an interest in the services of Stylites, the stallion imported by the late Lord Aylesford, has at last decided not to send him to Kentucky, but to ship him to the farm of J. O. Donner, the well-known racing man, in New Jersey.

The Chicago Horseman, Feb. 11, says: "Mr. Richard K. Fox, of New York, will offer during the coming season a valuable cup for a double team race, at the track of the New York Driving Club. Mr. Fox owns a very fast team that can undoubtedly pole together in 2:25."

Mr. T. J. Delaney, baseball director of the senior class, has been elected vice-president of the Inter-State Collegiate Athletic Association. The colleges represented are Union, Hamilton, Cornell, Syracuse, Rochester and Hobart. An Inter-State collegiate field day was arranged to be held at Hobart College, Geneva, May 22.

Considering the temptations thrown in their pathway, says the Spirit of the Times, the famous trainers and drivers are very temperate. Among those who abstain from ardent spirits, or even malt liquor, are Dan Mace, John Splan, J. M. Pettit, John Turner, Budd Doble, Jas. Golden, W. W. Blair, G. W. Saunders and Isaac Woodruff, and most of them do not use tobacco.

Next month the players will all report for practice. Engle is now in Canada, Henderson in Philadelphia, Trott in Washington, Sommers in Cincinnati, Stearns in Buffalo, Manning in Chicago, Creamer in Pittsburgh, Burns and Casey in Pennsylvania, and Nava at Fortress Monroe. Maccular, York, Evans, Taffey and Muldoon are at present in Baltimore.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Parable of Two Good Old Gentlemen Who Set Out to Improve Man-kind in a Small Way.

There are any number of societies in New York. There is one Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and there is another Society for Extinction of Tom-Cats. There is an Association for the Promotion of the Art and Science of Dog-Fighting, and there is a rival Fraternity of Public Foes to the Breeding of Fighting Dogs. One set of philanthropists has been duly organized and chartered for the Protection of American Hackmen, while the anti-Hackman Club, equally fortified by law, boasts of no less than 350 members. To conclude, there is a society of the most promising dimensions for the Protection and Encouragement of all Benevolent Societies, and there is a society, lately formed, but very active and vigorous, which proclaims warfare and destruction to every organized and established institution got up for benevolent, humane or philanthropic purposes.

There never was and, in all probability, never will



A youthful desperado.

be in all time to come a more society-ridden community than this same City of New York. Every instinct, every appetite, every ambition is ruled and regulated, weighed and measured, bit and driven by some self-constituted Board of Censors, who first pass laws in their own behalf and then execute them at the expense, if need be, of every other provision on the statute books.

Some of these societies have salaried officers. Others haven't, and the well-meaning but desperately stupid and absurd old men who run them find their only compensation in seeing their names in print once in awhile blazoned on to the familiar but sorely-abused adjectives "active," "public-spirited," "energetic," and "philanthropic."

Still, poor as this latter class of pay must seem to be to all intelligent people, there are lots of kind-hearted and ambitious old gentlemen who are delighted to get it as the remuneration of their blundering services.

The Society for the Suppression of Clever Children was started on this basis last November by two benevolent old fossils of the most approved "philanthropic" type. It consisted of two members, Mr. Joskin, a "philanthropist," who had made his fortune by selling sanded sugar at light weight, and Mr. Bumblethump, another "humane" person, who amassed a cool two millions running a block of the vilest, most stifling and overcrowded tenement houses in all New York.

Both these "philanthropists" have records. Mr. Joskin is celebrated as the man who paid his clerks \$1.35 a day for eighteen hours hard work, and



Making an example of him.

who, when one of his victims dropped dead in his shop, charged his family two dollars for "storage" of the corpse for the hour it lay awaiting the city dead-wagon.

Mr. Bumblethump is the gentleman who tried to establish a lien on a dead infant and refused to allow it to be buried until an arrearage of rent to the amount of \$16 had been paid up by its heart-broken widowed mother.

These two amiable and energetic old men, admirably qualified by nature to be generous, magnanimous and tender to their suffering fellow-creatures, got together, elected each other to all the offices, passed resolutions of incorporation and regulation, got a charter and started out to suppress Clever Children in the joint names of God and Humanity.

Their first move was upon a nice, wholesome,

healthy, vigorous, well-fed and joyously-happy little boy who supported his paralyzed father, his mother, his aunt, his two little brothers and a little baby sister by playing the violin at first-class concerts. The society



The ideal child actress.

employs six stalwart special officers to carry out its purpose. Two of the stoutest and fiercest of these minions were dispatched on an expedition to capture the youthful desperado, who was rash enough to earn his own living by the exercise of heaven-born genius against the statute in such case made and provided.

The young culprit was dragged by his captors from the platform on which, with his whole soul in his little fingers, he was playing a concerto of Schuman's. He was lugged through the streets, the cruel finger-nails of the "special officers" nipping his tender little arms. His treasured violin was ruthlessly thrown in a corner, broken, and when the august "Society," in all its twofold dignity, sat in judgment on him, he was so frightened that he could scarcely breathe.

"Humanity" in this instance was easily avenged. The child violinist was sent to keep company for two years with a lot of juvenile thieves and blackguards in the Elmira Reformatory, and his paralyzed father was sentenced for half that term to the penitentiary.

The mother and the little brothers and the baby sister are either starving or dead. It doesn't matter which—for the "Society" declares that it has no longer any jurisdiction in the case.

One of Mr. Joskin's "hits" as President-Secretary-



The real child actress.

Treasurer and half-the-Board-of-Directors of the Society for the Suppression of Clever Children, was made by his harrowing lecture on "the child actress" delivered at a church fair with a grab-bag and roulette attachment. He pathetically described her as a consumptive wail, coughing her young life away to support worthless indolence, and sneaking home at night half-clad and starving to a wretched garret and the abuse of her wicked parents.

Whereas, in fact, the child actress of reality is petted and spoiled and overfed and otherwise well treated to an extent which would preclude her from acting if she didn't have the strongest little constitution in the whole world.

As soon as Mr. Joskin found out how mistaken he



The majesty of the law.

was, he got furious. All good men do when they find that they have painted things worse than they really are. He had to get square with somebody, and he made up his mind to get square with the child actress. He called a special meeting of the Society—that is, of

Mr. Bumblethump and himself. And they passed special resolutions and "instructed" their officers, and arrested the wicked little wretch who dared to be clever and smart and winsome, and they fined her \$25 and broke up her family, and otherwise proved how sweet and beautiful a thing philanthropy is when it deals with helpless children and timid women.

That very evening, curiously enough, after having vigorously prosecuted the juvenile offender who had dared to be pretty and charming and make money, they went to the Academy of Music and sat in a box and gloated over a thin, peaky, ill-fed little scion of a Fifth Avenue family singing through her nose at a Children's Carnival that her father's and mother's names might get into the society column of every morning newspaper. It is a big difference between the two—the difference of "sawcety." The Society for the Suppression of Clever Children never meddles



"Sawcety" vs. The Society.

with "sawcety" infants. But if an infant who doesn't belong to "sawcety" dares to appear before the public for other than "sawcety" purposes, then the Society jumps in with all its conglomerate and indiscriminating ferocity and knocks her galley-west.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Great head, Annie Pixley. She isn't going to play here this season.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart is engaged at the Madison Square theatre for a term of three years.

George Pendar's daughter, Florence Revere Pendar, has finished a novel, which will shortly be published.

Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb is to marry little Count Rosebud at Trinity Church, April 6. Good luck to both of 'em!

It is a comment, and a most emphatic comment, on poor Dr. Damrosch's ill-paid worth that he only left \$3,000.

Mrs. Langtry's alleged American tour of 1883 is "off." So are the calculations that she would repeat her phenomenal business of last year.

Arthur Wallack is managing the "Guvnor's" theatre in a way to prove that, if anything, he has more brains than the general run of Wallacks.

The Baroness de Rotchkoff is the latest addition to the theatrical swell mob. Tough! Lord—this ought to be the end, but, alas, the chances are, as usual, that it won't.

The "profession" has got a new name for the Lyceum College of Acting. They call it "The Fourth Avenue Supe Kitchen." And a pretty thin quality of "supe" it turns out, too.

Steale Mackaye's new play is said to be entitled "Collar-Dollar," or words to that effect. Can it be possible that Steale intends a general but expensive satire on his own business methods?

Quite a lot of ballet-girls are suing elderly gentlemen for improper conduct, breaches of promise to marry and other things. The lot of the bald-headed brigade is, apparently, not a happy one.

Richard Swellhead Mansfield, Esq., has achieved one more fizzle at the Standard theatre. Richard's bulging brow don't protrude to quite the abnormal extent it did a couple of years ago.

Jenny Lind is now sixty-four years of age and has lost her voice. What a splendid chance for Max Strakosch or Joe Brooks or even Henry E. Abbey to bring her out here for a farewell tour?

Boucicault thinks it quite likely that Irish comedy won't take in London next year. No doubt. Irish comedy, of the dynamite kind, particularly, brings down the house altogether too entirely.

Tony Pastor's twentieth anniversary benefit ought to be a bumper. If anybody ever devoted his best energies to the promotion of general happiness and contentment, Tony has been that particular cuss.

Rose Osborne has sailed for Havre. Rose is a clever actress who, somehow or another, never seems to have an engagement. What the dickens she is going to do in France passes human comprehension.

Dan Frohman says emphatically that he will be jiggered if he's going to have so much even as a finger-nail in the Lyceum pie. Daniel evidently intends to keep up his reputation for level as well as bald-headedness.

According to our blithe contemporary, the Sunday Mercury, \$5,000 worth of damage was occasioned by a fire in Minnie Hauk's boarding-house. This is the first we heard of Minnie's sensibly settling down into an appropriate business.

As if poor, dear old Boston hadn't got to put up with theatres enough at present, some rash and desperate idiots are going to build a new one to accommodate 4,000 persons. They had far better and with much greater propriety invest their money in a new lunatic asylum.

Mme. Gerster isn't going to sing this year. She has had to buy a cradle, and both she and her purchase will be correspondingly occupied. Her other child was such a success, from the operatic kicker's point of view, that she has determined to add another to her repertoire.

That paragon of manly beauty, "Willie" Carleton, the baritone, played to wretched business at the Fourteenth Street theatre. "Willie" brought a company and a performance in which there was a great deal more Wisdom than wit or beauty. Willie, therefore, got left, so to speak.

Mme. Ristori thinks that the South needs musical culture. While she was playing in Athens, Ga., she says that the local orchestra played "Billy in the Low Grounds" during the execution of the Earl of Essex, and allowed Queen Elizabeth to yield up the ghost to the tune of "Dixie."

D. Selim, lately agent for W. E. Sheridan in Australia, has come to serious grief since his return to the Pacific coast. He has been "investigated" by the authorities of Solano county, and now those of Alameda have got him in hand so effectively that his liberty will be abridged for some time.

Mr. James Locke, the young man who plays on two cornets, has signed a contract to play in the London music halls this summer, under the management of Townsend Percy. Mr. Locke is, by the way, a nephew of Petroleum Nasby and gets his proficiency on the horns from that highly-colored personage.

The Lee Avenue Academy of Music, over in Williamsburgh, has made more money this season than ever. The Reverend Jacob Burger, D. D., was always a good-natured and amiable sort of a chap, but his prosperity has made a positive angel of him. It is an interesting coincidence that the Lee Avenue proprietors spend money as well as make it.

Mr. W. H. Leland, stage alias De Witt, is the very latest example of the so-called "theatrical managers" who, having money, refuse to pay their companies. Mr. "De Witt" was fined \$20 in Norfolk, Va., for contempt of court in refusing to cash up. It is needless to add that though he wouldn't pay his debts he pointed up his fine right on the nail.

Miss Elly Coghlan retired from Litta's company recently, and her place has been taken by Miss Nellie Pennoyer, daughter of the well-known manager, Gus Pennoyer. Miss Nellie is a pretty girl of seventeen. She has been playing *Una* in "The Little Detective," and *Maud* in "Musette." She is an immense improvement on poor little Elly Coghlan.

An electric bell in a theatre in this State connects the orchestra leader's stand with a cozy room, wherein cigars and liquors soothing are occasionally part of the furniture. This is the newspaper men's room. Between the acts they go in there and—think. When the act is ready, the bell notifies them and they come out, full of thought and things and be audience again. It is only by just such thoughtful schemes that unbiased criticism can be produced.

Lots of mean things have been said about Mary Anderson, but the latest is that her arms are so long that she can wrap them three times around *Romeo's* neck. If that is true, how poor *Romeo* must suffer; and yet, on second thought, there are lots of gentlemen who wouldn't complain the least bit if they could have eight or ten sections of Mary's loving arms entwined about their necks.

P. T. Barnum is now seventy-one years old. He has gone through a wider variety of employment than any other man on record, the range including the sale of lottery tickets, keeping an oyster saloon, editing a paper, tending bar, negro melodist, boarding-house keeper, book canvasser, making bears' grease, Bohemian dramatic critic, preacher, bank president, author, partner in clock factory, Jenny Lind concert manager, museum proprietor, and, last of all, traveling showman. He is worth about \$3,000,000.

A San Francisco exchange supplies the following, received by the postmaster of that city:

POSTMASTER—Dear Sir: Will you please give me some of the names of the verity thrivers of your town and oblige a poor writer but a dam good actress. Adres, Mrs. F. W. WILCOX, Denver, Col., Box 236.

Mrs. Wilcox is evidently the leading lady of some first-class "legitimate" combination who wants to promote herself to the "verity" stage.

Miss Amelia Watts, leading lady of Baker & Farnon's company, met with a serious accident in Buffalo recently. In hurrying down a steep flight of stairs to her dressing-room, the heel of her slipper caught, and she was precipitated to the bottom. Upon examination it was feared her spine was injured seriously, but with careful nursing and good doctoring, the lady, after a week's rest, has resumed her professional duties.

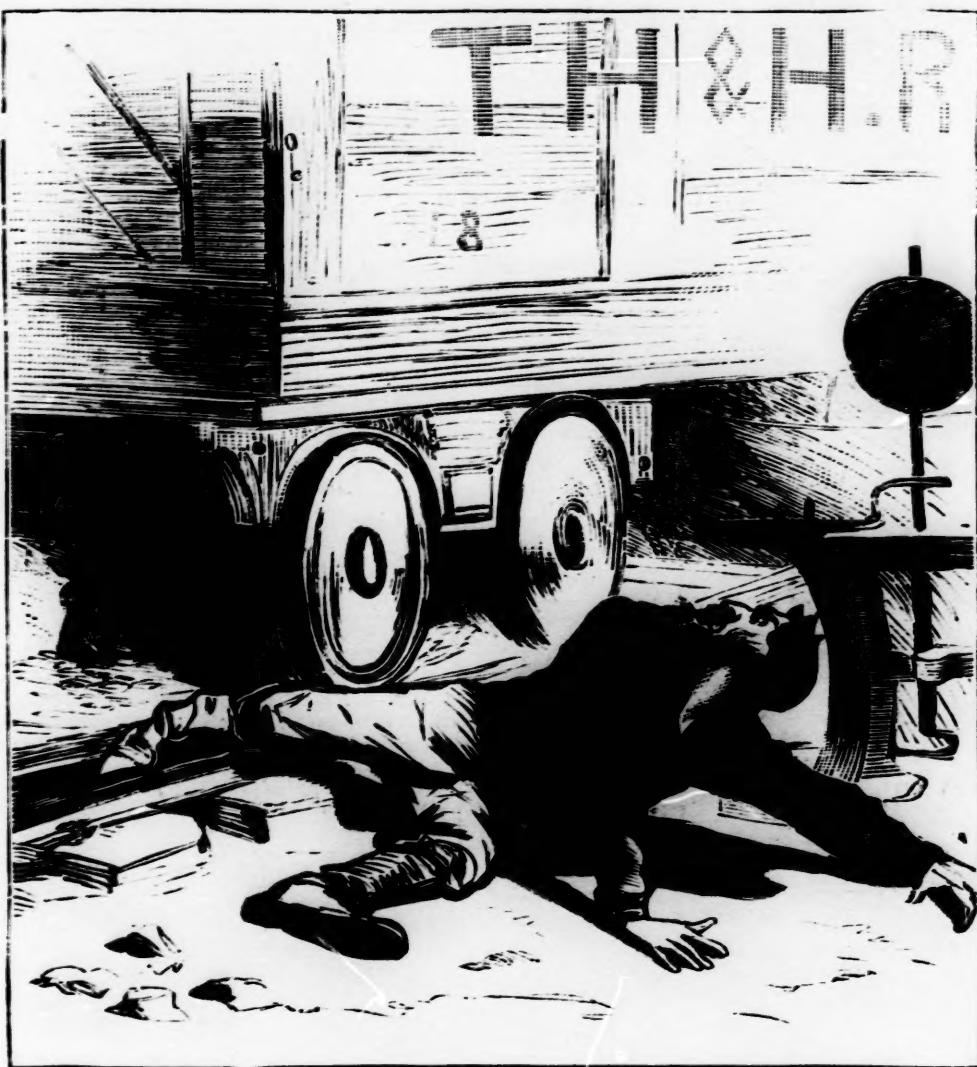
At a soiree given a few weeks ago in the central hall of the office of the Paris *Figaro*, the principal attraction of the evening was a display of fencing on the part of a troupe of female dancers, who performed under the direction of their professor, Herr Herli. All the best *maitres d'armes* in Paris put in appearance, with their most expert pupils, and both classes of spectators seem to have been highly satisfied with their evening's amusement.

"Our people want only the freshest in the dramatic market," said the Dakota dramatic critic to the representative of an Eastern tragedian. "I know this 'Merchant of Venice' you talk about. I saw it in Salt Lake as far back as '81. No such wormy chestnut will go down with a cultured community that had 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' and the 'Bandit King' three months after they were brought out at Drury Lane."

One of the best and biggest-hearted fellows who ever lived in New York died when Ben Gregory passed away. Benjamin was the son of the celebrated Dudley S. Gregory, of Jersey City fame, and inherited a splendid fortune. He spent quite a good deal of money on theatrical speculations without feeling it until lawsuits and the depression of the steel trade swamped him. His widow is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Wm. F. Howe, the celebrated lawyer.

Howard Taylor, who really wrote "May Blossom," has just finished a new play for Kate Claxton. The great difference between Taylor and the Belasco-Ciprico Dutch barber gang of so-called "playwrights," is that Taylor is an educated gentleman and the others aren't. It is one thing to graduate from a newspaper office, and quite another to have served an apprenticeship in a pawnbroker's shop or a hair-cutting saloon. It is quite natural for the Ciprico-Belasco contingent to detest the good-natured and accomplished Howard P.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.



A CLOSE SHAVE.

THE DESPERATE PREDICAMENT AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE OF A BRAKEMAN AT HEARNE, TEXAS.

Showed His Nerve.

Thomas Watson, a brakeman, of Hearne, Tex., met with a singular accident which would have resulted in instant death but for his remarkable exhibition of nerve. While walking backward down the track in front of moving cars, which he was preparing to couple, Watson's heel was caught in a frog. He made a

desperate effort to wrench his foot loose or pull it out of the shoe. Failing in both attempts, and just as the cars were about closing in on him, he cast his body to one side of the track with such force as to break his thigh and knee bones, which permitted his body to bend in such a position that the wheels passed by, simply crushing the heel of his shoe, without much injury to his foot.



RIDING DOUBLE.

HOW A GALLANT VIRGINIAN FOX-HUNTER COURTEOUSLY ACCOMMODATED AN HONEST MILLER.

Riding Double.

Mr. Russell, a famous fox-hunter in Virginia, was lately running a fox hard in a wild and unfrequented part of his country, when, on account of a strong wind and deep cover, he had for a short time lost all sound of the pack. Suddenly he overtook a miller, who, having tied

his mule, with his sack of flour, to a hedge, was joining the chase and running for his life. "Have you seen or heard the hounds?" said Russell, in a hurry. "Yes, sir," said the miller; "they're just afore, running like hell's bells; don't ye hear 'm?" "Jump up," said Russell; "my horse shall carry us both as far as he can;" and he actually carried the miller behind him till the fox was killed.



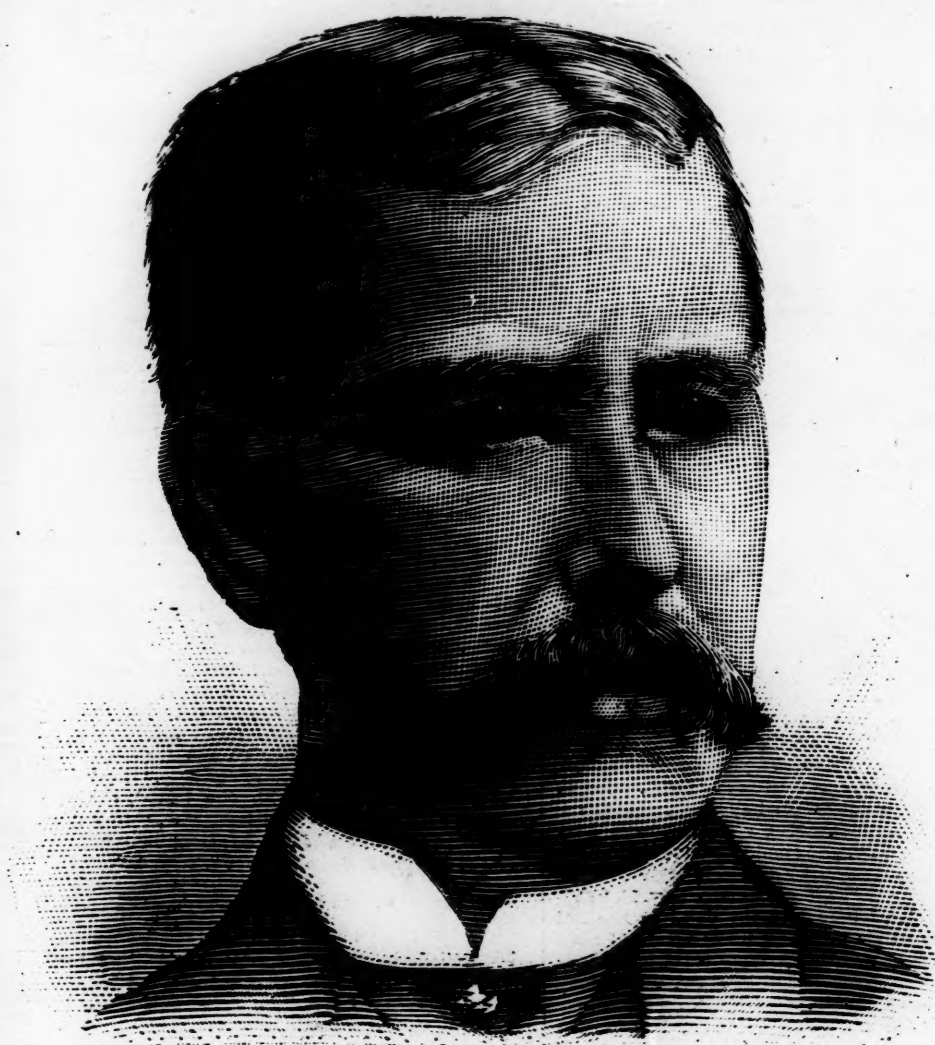
BABIES AT AUCTION.

A VERY PROFITABLE VARIETY OF INFANTICIDE PRACTICED WITH THE HELP OF SAN FRANCISCAN CHINAMEN.



A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

THE COLLAPSE OF A COFFIN AND THE CONSEQUENT TERROR OF THE PALL-BEARERS AT A FUNERAL IN WESLEYVILLE, PA.



WILLIAM H. McCONNELL,
THE TALL AND HANDSOME YOUNG PERSON WHO MANAGES THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.
[Photo by Falk.]

Cowhiding in Parliament.

A most disgraceful scene took place in the lobby of the Dominion Parliament on the afternoon of Feb. 20 while the House was in session, in which a Member of Parliament named Landry cowhided Charles Langelier, editor of the *Lecteur*, of Quebec. It appears that for some time Landry and Langelier have been carrying on a bitter warfare in the Quebec journals. Personal attacks have been indulged in and family matters have been pretty well entered into by both parties. Langelier had been occupying a seat in the press gallery during a debate, but on stepping into the lobby he was confronted by Landry, who had been watching his movements from his seat in the House. Landry at first charged Langelier with having written some personal attacks on his wife and family, the authorship of which he (Langelier) admitted. Landry, who is only a small man, then drew a cowhide whip from his pocket and struck Langelier in the eye with the handle,

cutting him considerably. He followed up the assault by lashing him over the head and shoulders until the Minister of Customs called for the Sergeant-at-Arms to put Langelier out of the building.

Miss Edna Carey.

It is not extravagant praise to say of Miss Edna Carey, whose beautiful classic features are portrayed in this issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, that she is one of the most brilliant as well as one of the comeliest of the young leading women of the American stage. Unless we are worse than mistaken a future of exceptional brightness confronts her.

William H. McConnell.

The handsome young gentleman who manages the Brooklyn theatre is faithfully represented on this page. His success as controller of the destinies of an establishment which never paid a dollar until he got hold of it has



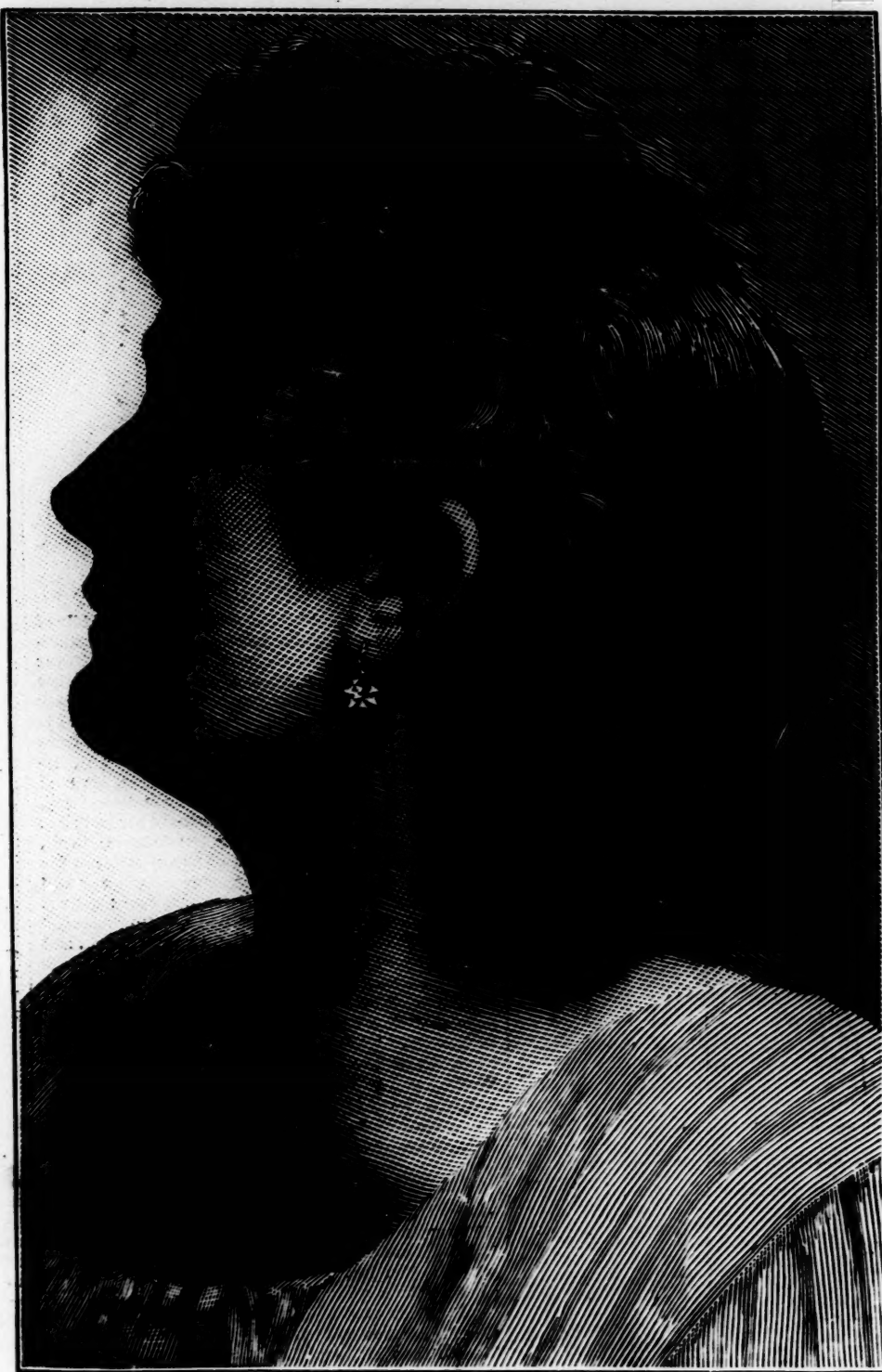
GOT THE COLLAR.
THREE YOUTHFUL SPECIMENS OF THE HAPLESS DUDE FRATERNITY FALL INTO THE CLUTCH OF ONE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' POLICEMEN.

been something remarkable. Albeit, not even his worst enemy could accuse him of being an actor. Mr. McConnell has toyed with the traditions of the stage, and is still remembered with alternate feelings of gloom and hilarity as the

impersonator, on a certain benefit occasion, of the part of *De Mauprat*. Consideration for the feelings of his friends is one of this young manager's strongest points, and he has earnestly promised never to repeat the offense.



DRIVEN OUT BY FLAMES.
THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF SOME OF THE FASCINATING MEMBERS OF THE "DEVIL'S AUCTION" BALLET.



EDNA CAREY,
THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS RAPIDLY COMING TO THE FORE AS A LEADING LADY.
[Photo by Falk.]

CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

Measuring a Leading Man, a Tramp's Windfall, Brooklyn Cakes and the Story of a Bayonet.

MEASURING A LEADING MAN.

A POLICE GAZETTE recently stepped into the Madison Square theatre and found Dan Frohman measuring a man with a yard-stick. He asked him if he was going into costuming. "I am only measuring Sebastians," he answered. "This is the sixth I have inspected. I am trying to get an actor of just the right size to play Sebastian to Modjeska's Viola in 'Twelfth Night.'" To further inquiry he said: "Five hundred plays have been read here during the last three years. We examined a play a week or two ago that contained ninety-two speaking parts and had fifteen scenes, each requiring an hour to set."

"Another was written for our leading lady. In the first act she is the mother of twins. In the second she personates one of the twins in youth and in the third the other in mature life. I didn't read any further, but the volatile creature probably appeared at last as her own granddaughter."

"The most exciting, though, is a play for which we have not been able to find room on account of a press



Taking his heroic measure.

of other matter, entitled 'Abraham Lincoln.' It includes all the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and the entire Senate and House of Representatives, and every one of them has something to say. The curtain falls on the assassination. It is tremendously patriotic, this play is, and we are going to produce it when we have built an annex covering Central Park."

THE OLD MAN WAS ON GUARD.

John B. E. Wehner, an elderly well-to-do man, of 900 Union avenue, was on trial the other day in the General Sessions for wounding O. Reed Clark, of 970 Union avenue, with a bayonet on the evening of March 6 last. There was a great mustering of the friends of the complainant and the defendant, and it was plain that the warmest partisanship divided neighbors in Union avenue, where Wehner has lived in the same house for twenty-two years.

Clark testified that there was a disturbance in Wehner's on the night of March 6, and Mrs. Wehner sent her crippled daughter, Minnie, for him. Wehner seemed beside himself when Clark came in, and drawing a bayonet from its sheath, stabbed him in the leg. Mrs. Wehner and her daughter, Miss Minnie, corroborated Clark substantially.

Wehner testified that he and his wife quarreled, and his wife sent for Clark. Wehner got over his anger, and, seeing Clark and Gardner Wicking, a neighbor, in his doorway, he cried to his wife:

"Mary, my dear, I've violets in my hat now." He meant by this that peace was re-established, and asked her to come into the house and send Clark and Wicking away. Mrs. Wehner asked them to go away, and she reentered the house. His daughter Minnie



Prepared to receive boarders.

was outside of the front gate. He buckled on the bayonet, anticipating trouble, and went out to call her in. She refused to come in, and he tried to close his gate, telling her that she could stay out if she wanted to. Clark put his foot in the way of shutting the gate, and Wehner impulsively kicked it. Thereupon Clark told him with a blow with a stick, and Clark and Wicking pummelled him until he was almost unconscious. Clark struck him in the hand with the bayonet. Then they bound him hand and foot with ropes, and, carrying him to the porch, dumped him there, and went away. He bethought himself of his pocket-knife, and cut the rope. A few minutes later

Policeman Reinhardt came in and arrested him upon the charge of assaulting Clark. The jury deliberated five minutes and acquitted Wehner.

A BIG DAY FOR CAKES IN BROOKLYN.

Something decidedly unique in the way of a reception was recently participated in by a few Brooklyn



The prize cake.

ladies. In the early part of the week the Brooklyn Women's Auxiliary of the National Indian Association sent out invitations to friends asking them to attend a home-made cake sale on Saturday afternoon in the basement of the Brooklyn Library Building, and each one to bring a cake. Saturday, being baking-day of the universe, was appropriately chosen. At the appointed hour there were not far from 100 cakes in Montague street.

A big, round fig cake came up in a carriage, and was obsequiously ushered into the reception-room by a liveried footman, who likewise received a delicately-frosted White Mountain cake. An old-fashioned election cake came in on foot arm-in-arm with a pound cake. A messenger-boy brought them, and departed with a gnawing at his stomach. It is not known exactly how the chocolate, jelly, fruit, and a dozen additional varieties of pastryware did arrive, but before 5 o'clock two large tables were covered with cakes of all shapes, sizes and conditions. Each lady was expected to take a cake away with her, a proceeding which required a small outlay. They left between \$50 and \$75 with the treasurer of the Indian Association, but not a single cake remained.

A WINDFALL FOR A TRAMP.

It was at the time of the last hard rain. He turned the corner at University place and started down Fourteenth street. The wind whistled along and wrecked



He grasped the opportunity.

his umbrella and sent his hat flying into the middle of the street. It moved along like a thing of life, gathering up more mud and water at every turn. "Never run after your own hat," he soliloquized; "some other fellow is sure to do it for you," so he walked slowly along bareheaded, but keeping one eye on the hat. It had crossed Fifth avenue when a man moved from under an awning and picked it up. It was a sight. He was the man. His own hat was crownless, his coat threadless, his trousers both sammary and sumery, and his shoes short of leather. He and the owner of the hat soon came together, the hat between them, both looking hard at it. The owner considered the advisability of throwing the muddy thing away and buying another; the tramp brought a faded old red handkerchief from his pocket, and quietly proceeded to wipe. He wiped the hat clean, inside and out, and held it toward the owner, squeezing the muddy water from the rag with the other hand. The owner of the hat felt in his pocket for a quarter, found a dime and gave it with a bad grace to the tramp, who smiled thankfully. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he said, talking in his throat. "I didn't know where I was going to sleep to-night, but this dime'll get me a bed down the Bowery."

And he went back and stood under the awning, and the rain continued to come down.

A CARD.--\$75,000.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 20, 1885.

The undersigned certifies that he held for collection for account of Nevada Bank, of San Francisco, Cal., whole ticket, No. 28,000, Single Number, Class B, in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the First Capital Prize of \$75,000, on Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1885, and that the amount was promptly paid by a check on the New Orleans National Bank, on presentation of the ticket at the office of the company.

L. F. SERVARY,
General book-keeper of State National Bank of New Orleans, La.--New Orleans Post-News.

Special rates to Postmasters and Subscription Agents. Send address on postal-card.

SELLING BABIES TO CHINAMEN.

A Profitable San Francisco Industry Lately Broken Up by the Police.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Laura Wilson, the San Francisco woman, who is accused of selling white children to Chinese, was on trial the other day before Police Judge Lawler on the specific charge of selling a white female child of the age of between five and six weeks, to Dr. Lee Lai Tong, a doctor at 23 Waverly place, in February, 1884. A number of witnesses testified for the prosecution, making out a very strong case. Dr. Tong testified positively to the adoption of the child, paying \$35 to Mrs. Wilson and \$50 to be given to the mother of the infant. Mrs. Wilson had come to him with the proposition of the barter of Hop Gee. The baby was subsequently brought to him, and Mrs. Wilson was presented with the money. Annie Robinson, a colored girl, who was in Mrs. Wilson's employ, saw the bargaining with the doctor, but could not identify him. She had seen a number of Chinese there negotiating for babies. A child which she saw sold for \$30, but for which Mrs. Wilson demanded \$75, had been left in the house by unknown persons about one week before Hop Gee's sale. The baby was drugged with morphine before being taken away.

Margaret Hinton, another employee, had frequently heard the accused speak of selling babies, but had never witnessed any sale. She identified the doctor, and also the receipt for \$50 given by Mrs. Wilson to the "doctor." The prosecution resting its case, which was a strong one, the accused took the stand and claimed that the child in question was the offspring of a white woman brought to her place by a Chinaman. They acted as if they were husband and wife. She always thought the baby was a half-breed, although it did not have blue eyes. Mrs. Wilson did not deny giving the child to Dr. Tong and presented the following document as exculpating her:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 16, 1883.

"Mary Murphy, I here give my child to Lee Lai Tong to adopt as his own and bring up. As I am a cripple, I am not able to support my child, and I give it into his hands. MARY MURPHY.

"Mrs. Wilson as witness. "If he wants the baby he has got to pay Mrs. Wilson for the baby's board \$35 a month."

The defendant claimed to be a midwife, who kept a lying-in hospital and took children in to board. She had been a midwife since her fourteenth year, and said she had had as many children as fifteen at one time. If she had 500 of them she could provide good homes for them, she said. She acknowledged that while in the business in this city she had disposed of over 100 children, sometimes not receiving the value of the clothing which the babe wore. What had become of Mary Murphy, who lived in the Government House, the accused did not know. The witness contradicted herself a number of times on material points, and, in rebuttal, the prosecution called several witnesses.

COLLARING A CAN-CAN.

The Unwelcome Visit Paid by Police Capt. Brogan to the Classic Establishment of John Thompson.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Police Capt. Brogan has been receiving complaints about Johnny Thompson's theatre, at 147 Eighth street. It was alleged that indecent performances were given after the regular variety entertainment on Saturday nights. Capt. Brogan arrested Thompson on a charge of violating the Excise law. Thompson had a license to sell liquor in his saloon at 145 Eighth street. The liquor was dealt out here and carried into the theatre, where it was drunk and paid for. It is against the law to sell liquor in theatres. Thompson claimed that his license covered both street numbers, but Justice Gorman thought otherwise, and held him for trial. Last week evidence was obtained that at the close of the ordinary show in the theatre the doors were locked and guarded, and then men and girls took possession of the stage and danced the can-can. Policemen Reynolds and Gilgar were stationed in front of the theatre on last Saturday night, and Capt. Brogan and two other policemen kept an eye upon the persons who entered. Toward midnight there was a great demand for tickets. When the place was full the door was slammed in the policemen's faces and locked.

Two men were sent to the police station for the reserves. Before they arrived the front door opened to let a man out. Policeman Reynolds held the door open, and Capt. Brogan sprang in and declared everybody in the place under arrest. The people made a break for the door, but the reserve force appeared and stopped them. The prisoners were filtered out one by one. Capt. Brogan questioned them briefly, and permitted many to go home. He detained sixty-four as prisoners, nineteen of them women. They were all marched around to the police station and locked up. In the meantime the captain missed Johnny Thompson, and went in search of him. He found him down in the engine-room, leaning over a bucket of water. The captain thought he was trying to disguise himself. Thompson protested against arrest, but went around to the station-house all the same.

The prisoners were marched around to the Jefferson Market Police Court in the morning. When Johnny Thompson was arraigned he said that he was bathing his eyes when arrested. He said also that if there was any indecent performance carried on in his place it was without his permission. Nothing out of the way was going on when the police appeared. He explained the number of persons present in the theatre by saying that it was pay night and the performers were waiting for their wages, and had friends waiting for them.

HOW WASHINGTON GIRLS BRACE UP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The mania for tea-drinking increases weekly, and in a group of young ladies in a dressing-room one announced that she had had Dr. Johnson's eighteen cups of tea that day. All gasped at the idea, and, as she could walk across the room without staggering, asked how in the world it happened. She confessed to having taken nine cups during the afternoon hours while she poured tea at her mother's reception, and the others were distributed along through the day. She takes a cup of strong English breakfast tea every evening at 9 o'clock to buoy her up through an evening's engagements, and recommended all the other jaded and weary damsels to try it for the rest of the season.

Another girl announced that she always took a few grains of quinine as a "pick-me-up," she said, to carry her through a dinner or a ball.

A third one owned to relying on beet tea with a little brandy in it, and a massage treatment from her old colored nurse every night and morning, and seemed to be rather proud of her hygienic grooming.

A fourth one said that strong coffee kept her up to the high concert pitch of the last of the season, but among the simulants recommended none owned up to alcoholic ones, although the number of punches and the bottles of the raw materials sent up to a popular society girl's room last season was the gossip of the hotel that her family stopped at.

MR. BEECHER'S DOG.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sat at his study table the other Saturday afternoon talking to a reporter, the door opened and through it marched a magnificent yellow and white St. Bernard dog. "This is Bruno," said Mr. Beecher. "He is a Saint Bernard and a fine one. I want you to write a notice of him, for he deserves it. Never mind me; I get enough notice. This fellow is my dog now. Mr. E. H. Van Ingen, of Remsen street, gave him to me the other day, and we are great friends already. I think he's an orthodox dog, and I know he's dogmatic. I have not caressed him thoroughly yet, though. He does not study very much—learning Hebrew at present only. This spring, though, I will teach him to speak, and have hopes of seeing him make considerable progress in elocution. He is ambitious, and tries hard now to deliver orations. You ought to have seen him launch a Phyllis at the cat when he met her. They do not speak now. He loves cats so well that he makes vigorous efforts to remove them out of reach of all temptation. He is a crank only on the subject of cats, though he wants ethical culture however." And, as he spoke, the noble beast, with one bound, chased a vagrant cat to the top of a book-case, where it remained in an attitude of furious resentment until the dog, the dominie and the reporter "skipped."

OFFICER JOSEPH COBB.

[With Portrait.]

The best disciplined police force outside the municipal limits of New York city is that of Richmond county, the political definition of Staten Island. For many years it was one of the metropolitan products and had its headquarters in Mulberry street. The present commissioners are New York business men, and take a great deal of justifiable pride in the reputation of their force. The subject of our portrait is not only one of the handsomest and most robust of the men of that command, but is, perhaps, the best known and most generally respected of the Richmond county police. Everybody knows Officer "Joe" Cobb, and some of his arrests have netted him more prize money than any five or six other men have taken in all put together. He has, in particular, given the collar to some very desperate horse-thieves, on two occasions making \$500 by the operation. His post embraces a district almost as "tough," in summer-time, as Fort Lee, and the way he handles it makes him the admiration of the neighborhood. He was recently transferred by the board to a new field of duty, but the outcry of protest which went up from Fort Richmond caused his speedy restoration to his old post.

DRIVEN OUT BY FLAMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A large building near the Union depot, Troy, N. Y., occupied by manufacturers of collars and rubber belting, burned on the morning of Feb. 13. The losses of Coon & Co. and the J. LeRoy Pine Company tenants, together with those of the Guerley Brothers, owners of the building, will aggregate \$200,000; covered. The ladies of the "Devil's Auction" troupe, stopping in the hotel adjoining the burning building, were panic-stricken when the fire broke out, about 3 o'clock, and rushed for the street en deshabille, making a picture more sensational than anything presented on the stage. The hotel was uninjured and the girls were soon prevailed upon to return to their rooms.

THE WEEK'S SPORTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The intelligent reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will find on our sporting combination block this week a sketch of Geo. Noremac, the famous Scotch pedestrian, finishing his walk of 5,100 miles in 100 days at Midlothian Hall; the great knife contest at Clarendon Hall; the match between Tiger and Napoleon Jack for \$200 a side; the glove contest between Charley Mitchell and John F. Scholes at the Adelade Skating Rink; the glove contest between Annie Lewis and Hattie Stewart for \$500 at New Orleans; H. J. McCormack, of St. John, N. B., beating the skating record on ice at the Hoboken Rink, and Prof. H. J. Ottignon, of Chicago, putting up a dumb-bell weighing 10 pounds 25,200 times in twenty-one days, at Chicago.

ONE OF HER WAYS OF ADVERTISING.

Ladies frequently meet with embarrassing incidents in sleeping-cars. One recent night on a West-bound train a lady retired early to her upper berth, but it seemed could not get to sleep readily. She was tired and nervous, and tossed about an hour or so. Finally the gentle god embraced her, and no more did the hinges of upper five creak with the tossings of its occupant. But—horror of horrors—ere dropping to sleep she had flung one foot outside her berth, and slumbered on, seemingly unconscious of the fact that gentlemen were gazing at her pretty hosiery.

One gallant passenger called his wife and bade her inform the sleeper of her mishap, and the protruding member was quickly withdrawn. Next morning the male passengers eyed the lady quizzically, but she seemed in no wise embarrassed. Finally some smart remarks were made hinting at the incident in the berth, but no blushes followed. The gentlemen were somewhat amazed at the indifference, and piqued at the loss of the fun they had anticipated. Then, fearing they might have made a mistake and wasted their jokes upon the wrong lady, they counseled with the porter:

"Dat's the same lady, sah," said the porter, grinning "but she don't mind none o' your chaff, sah. She don't care. She's a stah actress, sah, she is, and gave me a half a dolla' to pull de curtains back. I beleeve dat's one o' her ways o' advertising, I does."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. J. S. HULLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

FEMALE BOXERS.

Professional "Sluggers" Among the Fair Sex of America.

The announcement was recently made in the sporting columns of the POLICE GAZETTE that an eight-round encounter was to come off on Washington's birthday, at New Orleans, between two amazons. The next morning a challenge from an aspiring young woman in Brooklyn, to box the winner, was received. Female boxers have been known in this country for about six or eight years. The first one was the wife of a retired light-weight pugilist and she frequently appeared in set-tos, with her husband for an opponent, at Madison Square Garden and other places. She had considerable ability, and for her size and weight was remarkably quick.

One sparrer now before the public has taught and brought out several female boxers from the ranks of concert and waiter girls, most of whom finally selected partners, and having got a set-to down to such a fine point as to be able to make an exhibition, which, to an unsophisticated on-looker, was little short of a slaughtering match, forsook their instructors, and traveled about the country, appearing at variety theatres billed as the great Madam de Blank or Miss O'Slugger, only and original female champion boxers of the world. Other young girls learned as much of the art as possible, and were perfectly satisfied to remain in the concert gardens of the city giving nightly exhibitions for small pay. One of the women who is to contest for the "female boxing championship of the world," on the twenty-second, is very likely the first lady boxer of the country. She comes from Norfolk, Va., is not by any means attractive, but is large and very powerful. It is said that she actually has won some bona fide matches. She has traveled all over the country, in variety troupes, giving exhibitions with her husband for several years. At several exhibitions in this city she certainly, to use the technical expression, "showed up cleverly." She has considerable science and quickness and much strength. She appears to have developed her boxing abilities as much as it is possible for any woman to do.

Her opponent not much is known in the East. She is said to be a Cincinnati girl, and has only been in boxing circles about a year. She took the boxing craze when John L. Sullivan passed through her part of the country, and at once began a course of systematic training and dieting, greatly developing herself, it is said, in every direction. Her principal exercises were of course the punching-bag or suspended football and boxing every one she could induce to put on the gloves with her. To these muscle-rulers she added rowing, swimming, climbing, running, walking and the usual use of the bells, bars, clubs and foils. It is true that she issued a challenge to box, fight or wrestle any 140-pound man in her State, but whether the non-acceptance of the challenge was due to fear of her prowess or to the native gallantry of the Ohioans will perhaps never be known.

The boxing match between these "gentler sex" pugilists is announced to be an eight-round contest with ordinary boxing-gloves under the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry, which makes the rounds of such contests last three minutes and the rests one minute, wrestling being forbidden. The prize contested for is stated to be \$250 a side and a division of the gate money. This announcement inspires a much more confidence than it is said to be to say the contest was to be with small gloves to a finish for \$1,000 a side. It is to be hoped that the fair ones will arrive at a satisfactory conclusion of this affair without hurting each other very much. The abilities of two women to hurt each other in a contest like the above are very limited. A woman's much-lauded-at inability to throw a stone at a hen is just as natural and unchangeable as her tendencies to gossip. There is a difference between the sexes in the ability to deliver a blow straight from the shoulder which no woman has ever yet been able to overcome. A woman "slaps," she does not "punch," and she cannot do otherwise, no matter what teaching she may have or how hard she may try. Boxing as an exercise among ladies of refinement, while it cannot yet be called exactly a popular form of amusement or exercise, has quite a number of admirers in up-town residences.

THREE "MASHERS" WENT MASHING.

Insulting Actresses at the Stage Entrance of the Standard Theatre.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Three young men, dudsily dressed, entered Jefferson Market the other day to meet a charge of disorderly conduct which had been made against them by Policeman McCabe, of the Twenty-ninth precinct. The prisoners were Henry W. Johns, Jr., aged eighteen years, of No. 561 Fifth avenue; George Jerome, aged nineteen, of No. 204 East Fifty-fourth street, and Carl F. Weber, seventeen years old, of Stamford, Conn., all students at Columbia College. The other night they visited the Standard theatre. The chorus girls produced an unusual effect upon them, and they annoyed the rest of the audience by their lively remarks upon the furies. After the performance they went to the stage door, and as each actress came out the students peered into her face. The policeman told them to go away, but they refused and were then arrested. They were locked up for an hour, when Mr. Henry W. Johns, Sr., President of the Asbestos Paint Company, No. 87 Maiden lane, appeared and gave bail for them and they were released.

After they were lectured by the Justice next day they were discharged.

NARROW ESCAPE OF TWO HUNTERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George Dewey and Joseph Williams, of Stonington, nearly lost their lives while duck-shooting two weeks ago. They rowed down to the outer breakwater, two miles off Stonington harbor, tied their boat to the stones, and went further down the great ridge of granite slabs looking for birds. It was nearly dusk when they returned, and they found that the wind and waves had chafed the painter in two and carried the boat off to sea. Night set in with a driving snow-storm. It was bitterly cold. In a short time they were chilled through and nearly overcome. The salt spray flew in showers and covered their clothing with a coating of ice. They fired signal guns at regular intervals, but it was not until after 3 o'clock that the flash of one of the guns was seen from the shore. A relief boat, manned by Charles Shirley, Joseph Clayer and Herman Simonds, put out to rescue the hunters.

After much wandering over the icy break-water the rescuing party found them snowed in a crevice among the rocks clasped in each other's arms and nearly dead with cold. The boat had a perilous passage back, narrowly escaping destruction in the storm. They landed at a little past 11 o'clock, and it was not until next day that the hunters recovered from their prostration. If their signal flashes had not been seen they would have been frozen before morning.

AN ODD SCENE.

A Pretty Book Convoys on the Floor of the State Senate.

[Subject of Illustration.]

To any one who reads the reports of the Senate proceedings without having been in the Chamber at Albany during the day the session will seem uncommonly dull. But those who were present and can testify to the amount of interest created by the appearance of a book agent on the floor will ever declare the day a memorable one. She was about nineteen or twenty years old, and wore a tailor-cut brown basque, a skirt of the same material, a round brown hat, and a plume of red-brown feathers. A row of lustrous gilt buttons ran from her throat to her waist. From between two of these buttons a long lead pencil protruded. She had great, earnest black eyes and a cloud of black curls curtaining her forehead. In her hand was a huge volume, copies of which are to be sold on subscription.

There are Senators who did not see her or seem to know she was present, among them the dashing Solon from Brooklyn, Mr. Daggett, the dignified leader of the minority, Mr. Murphy, and the flower of the east side, Mr. Cullen. But others sought her company, and took turns, one after another, in questioning her about the gorgeous volume in her dimpled hand. She did not have to push her wares. She sat there like a queen, half reclining on the red-leather cushion of an ornate rosewood seat, receiving homage. It was a pretty spectacle, that of this exquisitely-shaped and laughing girl listening to the wit, the wisdom, and the compliments of these gray-haired, thin-haired, or haired-not-at-all pillars of the State, one of whom—a bachelor, of course—said afterward that every one of them—meaning every one of the bachelors—had endeavored to obtain her company at the theatre or in a sleigh-ride, or one way or another, and that every one had failed. To all she was equally gracious, but to each she insisted that she had no desire for any other proof of their regard than that they should purchase a copy of her book.

SHE WHACKED HIM.

The Proper Punishment of a Man Who Sent a Lying Valentine.

Mrs. B. F. Johnson, a married lady, who was employed at the Brevoort House restaurant in Chicago as cashier, has created quite a sensation by rawlinding John A. Lay, the night clerk at the Continental hotel. The lady was ascending the stairway leading to the office, where her husband awaited her on the sidewalk. She marched with a quick, determined step to where Lay was at the post of duty. At the sight of her he turned pale, but in response to her request to speak with her down stairs he accompanied her to the first floor. When they arrived there the lady turned suddenly on Lay and said:

"What was your reason for sending me such a valentine as I received from you through the mail?"

"What valentine? Why—why—I sent you no valentine," said the surprised Lay.

"Don't you tell me you didn't send it, for I know better. I know the exact place you mailed it."

"It wasn't me; it was Benedict that sent it," gasped the young man, who seemed somewhat surprised at the accusation.

"Well, even if Benedict was the man who sent it, you know of it and had a hand in it, and I'll teach you how to improve your manners toward ladies."

"Whack! With the last remark the speaker drew from underneath her cloak an ugly-looking little rawhide, and before Lay could divine her purpose she began vigorously laying it across his shoulders. The blows fairly rained across Lay's shoulders, and he canceled around in agony and tried in vain to escape.

"You are nothing but a coward!"—whack! whack! "and dareonly attack women!"—whack!—"but I want you to understand!"—whack!—"that there is one woman!"—whack! whack! whack!—"that you can't insult with impunity."

She then quickly walked away and the whipped man returned to his post to nurse his wounds. Mrs. Johnson, when asked about the affair, said she didn't give Lay any more than he deserved. She produced an envelope which she said was the cause of the trouble. It was addressed "Mrs. Fisher, alias Johnson, Brevoort House restaurant, City." "I think that anybody who had her reputation at stake would have resented such an insult," said Mrs. Johnson, "just as I did. I have no alias but my name, which is Mrs. Johnson. When I first began working here I was a widow and my name was Fisher, but I have since been lawfully married to B. F. Johnson." The valentine Mrs. Johnson received was a cheap caricature and a sheet of paper on which was written several allusions to the lady and her husband.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM THORNE.

[With Portraits.]

In this number of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish admirable portraits of Mr. Wm. Thorne, the well-known actor, and his charming wife. Mr. Thorne is the eldest son of Charles R. Thorne, Sr., and a brother of the well-known Edwin Thorne, as well as of the late Charles R. Thorne, Jr., of Union Square fame. It is alleged that French authorities have recently decided that on Mr. Wm. Thorne devolve, through his mother, the honors and title of Duke of Normandy. Inasmuch as no more material elements go with the aforesaid honors and title, Mr. Thorne is said to denounce rather than boast of his apparent good fortune.

GEORGE FRYER.

[With Portraits.]

Geo. Fryer was born in Nottingham in 1860. He won his first battle and cup in March, 1880, beating Jim Smith, Jack Wesson and Bill Alfreds, of Nottingham, winning the heavy-weight cup. In 1881 he won the champion amateurship at Lilley Bridge, defeating Perkins, of Manchester. He was presented by the citizens of Nottingham with a handsome silver cup.

\$1.00 will pay for copy of GAZETTE 13 weeks, mailed regularly to your address.

A BALTIMORE SCANDAL.

Ex-Congressman Acklen's Name Again Brought to Public Notice.

Members of the most exclusive social circles of the City of Baltimore have been thrown into a ferment of excitement within the past few days by the details of a scandal involving the peace and good name of one of the best families in Maryland. The woman in the case is Mrs. Alice Godfrey, whose connection with ex-Congressman Acklen, of Louisiana, was the theme of so much gossip in the national capital a few years ago, and which it was said was the cause of that gentleman's retirement from public life. The other party is Eugene N. Bell, a wealthy wholesale liquor dealer, a habitue of the most aristocratic club of Baltimore, whose family holds high rank there in the most exclusive society. Mr. Bell is widely known in the highest rank of society throughout the West, and in New York and Philadelphia. Though very wealthy he had never married. Last season, while making his usual tour of the Northern watering-places, he stopped for some time at Mount Desert. There he met Mrs. Godfrey. After a short acquaintance Mr. Bell formally proposed for her hand and was accepted. They were married in October last. The invitations to the wedding were the first intimation that Mr. Bell's friends in Baltimore had that he contemplated matrimony.

Matters at the Bell home went on smoothly for awhile, and though it was whispered that the gay beauty was receiving more devoted attention from one or two young married men than was becoming in her, no breath of scandal reached her new lord's ears, and all was peace and happiness in the home. A few of the most intimate friends of the family had, however, heard of troubles caused by Mrs. Bell's stories to her husband about his sisters, and resolved to inform him who she had been. One of them accordingly sent him a copy of a newspaper containing an account of the Acklen scandal. He was of course greatly shocked, but he still refused to believe that his wife had been guilty of any wrong, and his chilly reception of the piece of information alienated his friends, and a few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Bell went to New Orleans to spend a portion of the winter. There Mr. Bell's many friends received them warmly, and they were entertained in the best houses of the Crescent City. Matters continued thus for some weeks, when it is said that Acklen, the gay and handsome ex-Congressman, made his appearance on the scene. Remembering the warning he had received, Mr. Bell was somewhat annoyed, but his faith in his wife did not permit him to suspect her; but the denouement came very soon. What was the immediate cause no one has yet learned, but Mr. Bell, it is said, gave his fair spouse sufficient money to pay all her expenses at New Orleans, and left for Baltimore at once. Arriving there he went at once to Charles Marshall, a leading lawyer, and instructed him to begin immediately proceedings for a divorce. Mrs. Bell went to the home of her sister, the wife of ex-Congressman Willis, of New York. She has written several times to Mr. Bell, begging him not to believe the calumnies against her. Mrs. Bell and her brother-in-law, ex-Congressman Willis, arrived there a few days ago, and are now stopping at the St. James Hotel. Mr. Willis has had several interviews with Mr. Bell at his home, with a view to arranging the trouble, but as yet no definite understanding has been reached. Mrs. Bell is the daughter of Mrs. Berry, of Washington, and the widow of Mr. Godfrey, who was Consul-General of the United States to Mexico during President Pierce's administration. The Acklen scandal, which is alleged to be the principal cause of Mr. and Mrs. Bell's marital troubles, will be remembered as the sensation of Washington society some years ago.

A FRIGHTFUL FATALITY.

Five Men, Caged Like Rats, Meet Their Deaths in a Chicago Sewer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In a foul, reeking sewer, cut off from all immediate assistance and caged like so many rats, five unfortunate, hard-working men, staggering and blindly groping for light and air, met their deaths by asphyxiation recently at Kinzie and Union streets, Chicago. Four others, by superhuman efforts and the immediate arrival of physicians, saved their lives. The terrible accident was so sudden and unexpected that for the moment those in positions to render assistance were seemingly paralyzed, not knowing what to do. The sewer in which the fearful happening occurred is located in the vicinity of a number of railroad tracks, and is one of the main drainages on the West side. It is a very high one, being between eight and ten feet from the main-hole to the bottom of the sewer, thus making it impossible for escape without the aid of ropes or a ladder. The men, eleven in number, had been engaged from early morning in cleaning the sewers, beginning at South Green street and working gradually to the fatal spot. There they were told to look for a gas leak, nine men being put down for that purpose, as well as cleaning. This was at 3:30 o'clock. Nothing unusual was noticed by the two men above, who were posted to watch the holes and attend to the wants of the men below, until almost 5 o'clock, when they were startled by the frantic cries of their comrades below, who shouted piteously for help.

Speedily the first two men were brought to the surface, their eyes protruding, their faces blue, and their forms limp and almost lifeless. In a few words and in very weak tones the rescued men told those above to hasten to the succor of the men below, as they were dying, perhaps dead, from asphyxiation. Instantly ropes and ladders were lowered, and willing and brave hands lent their aid. George Curran was the next to be brought out. He was gasping and staggering, and seemed as though on the point of death, but was conveyed to a saloon near by and resuscitated. Michael Laski was then brought through the man-hole in the arms of a brother employee and laid on the snow. He was dead, his eyes showing the terrible suffering he had experienced before death came to his relief. Joseph Gill was the next brought out. His appearance was sufficient to answer the hasty questions asked by the great throng of men and women who craned their necks in their efforts to peer into the foul-smelling death-trap. He had probably been the first to succumb to the poisonous gases. Peter McGraw was next brought up, apparently dead. Signs of life were detected by Dr. Theo. T. Taylor, and the form was immediately taken into Mrs. Brandt's place of business near by, where, after much work, life was restored. He suffered considerably from strangulation from the foul water and slush into which he had fallen when first affected with the gases, as when placed on the floor a great quantity of muddy water rushed from his nose and mouth.

Outside the unfortunate victims were still being brought up from the black hole, the police and sympathizing spectators doing all that was possible to speedily extricate them from their living grave. Daniel Curtis came next. Life was extinct. Thomas Gavin and Timothy Lawler followed close behind each other, limp and apparently lifeless. Vigorous rubbing, hypodermic injections, and applications of warm cloths revived them sufficiently to allow them to be taken home. James Grady was dead when hauled out, his face betraying the most agonizing sufferings. Matthew Mason was also dead when brought out, notwithstanding it was at first thought that signs of life were seen. But a short time had been required in getting the men from below, and a sigh of relief went up from the crowd when told that there were no more men in the trap.

In the saloon owned by Mrs. Brandt a scene never to be forgotten was witnessed. Stretched upon the floor lay the dead and gasping men side by side, their wet, soggy clothes torn from their bodies and their faces denoting the awful sufferings they had gone through. Several ladies lent their aid in assisting the physicians, Drs. Taylor and Sweet, while all the while policemen were calling out for more room, that a passage of air might strike the quivering, gasping men. Not until almost 6 o'clock was the last patient so far resuscitated that he was allowed to be taken home. The dead, with the exception of Joseph Gill, were removed to the morgue, their relatives not being on hand to claim the remains. With one exception the smothered men were all married and heads of large families, the majority of them being left in destitute circumstances. Those rescued were younger men and single mostly.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

A writer in the Chicago Herald says, in allusion to James O'Neill, the well-known actor:

"Perhaps it may be said of him, as a certain antique personage said of himself on hearing that his chief friend was dead: 'The theatre of all my actions is fallen!' For do you not remember the tragic end of Miss Hawthorne, the leading lady of Uncle Richard Hooley's stock company at the time of the rage about the handsome young O'Neill? Oh, it was pitiful! She took that terrible leap in the dark which all men have feared since the world began. Miss Hawthorne was living at the old Tremont House at the time. She was popular, talented and beautiful. Her figure was lithe, willowy and graceful like Juno's. Her face—ah, well! let that pass. She was worthy of love, and it is said that young O'Neill loved her. Other admirers she had in great numbers, but he was the favored one. One day he called on her at the Tremont. They had an interview in her apartments. It must have been a stormy, a heart-breaking, a life-crushing interview. Five minutes after Mr. O'Neill bade Miss Hawthorne adieu she leaped out of a fifth story window and fell on the pavement below a lifeless bundle of clothes. There are some events which murder a man's ambition."

WILLIAM SPRINGALL.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Springall was born at Liverpool, Eng., November, 1855. He first fought and defeated Melvin Davis, brother of Chas. Davis, middle-weight champion, Tom Saunders, of London, for the Bow cup, at Bow Grounds, London, July, 1875. In 1877 he fought Jimmie Dolton, at Battersea, with knuckles, and won in 20 minutes. In 1877 he was defeated by Jim Hodgkins. In 1883 he met and defeated Tom Louger, Bill Nutty and Jack Massey, at West End School of Arms, London, winning the M. W. cup. In Madden's all England competition he defeated Charley North, of Nottingham, and was himself beaten by Charley Mitchell. In 1881 he entered in the open competition which was won by Burke, and beat Jack Wannop, and met defeat in same competition by Caddy Middings. Since then he has challenged all England at 10 stone 10 pounds. Finding no likelihood of an acceptance, he immigrated to the States. His height is 5 feet 6 inches, weight, in condition, 154 pounds.

HORRIBLE MISHAPS AT A FUNERAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As the coffin containing the remains of a daughter of John Wells was being carried into the Methodist Church in Wesleyville, Pa., the other day, by four young lady pall-bearers, two of them slipped on the ice-covered steps and the coffin fell. The shock burst open the casket, allowing the corpse to roll out upon one of the prostrate young ladies, who was frightened into insensibility.

The body was replaced and the service concluded. At the entrance to the cemetery adjoining the church the handles of the casket broke, and the bar resulted in another exposure. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the cord slipped and the casket was dashed into pieces at the bottom of the pit. The grave-digger, losing his balance, was precipitated upon the corpse and was drawn out pained with fright.

Another coffin was procured and the remains enclosed in clean garments and interred without further accident.

J. W. ALLISON.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. James W. Allison is at present the landlord and manager of the American Bar, on Lime street, Liverpool, which is the headquarters of all professional people and American and continental travelers. He was formerly manager of the old Continental theatre in Philadelphia—now known as the Grand Central. He was besides at one time manager of Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, Tony Pastor's combination, Edwin Adams, Edwin Booth and Mrs. Jas. A. Oates. Personally, no jollier or more good-natured gentleman ever thrived on popular regard.

FO'C'S'LE JACK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we present some of the less romantic and inviting incidents of a sailor's life. The gallant lads who trust themselves to the "toss and tumble" of the sea don't have such an altogether jolly and happy-go-lucky time of it as the story-writers and song-composers make out. The sweat-box, the thumb-hanging, the rotten foot-ropes and the other features we illustrate are a good deal more real than those which induce country boys to run away from home by the dozen with the avowed intention of becoming Captain Kidds or Admirals Farraguts.

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THE SWING OF THE SPORTING PENDULUM.

IT RECORDS ALL SORTS AND VARIETIES OF EXHILARATING AMUSEMENT AND EXERCISE ENJOYED DURING THE PAST WEEK.



ON HAND.

CAPTAIN BROGAN DROPS IN INOCCIDENTLY ON A LITTLE SCENE OF REVELRY BY NIGHT AT JOHNNY THOMPSON'S.



SENATORIAL MASHERS.

THE EXTRAORDINARY OUTBREAK OF ELDERLY GALLANTRY CAUSED IN THE ALBANY STATE HOUSE BY A YOUNG AND FASCINATING BOOK CANVASSER.



GUNNERS IN DANGER.

THE FEARFUL RISK RUN BY A COUPLE OF ADVENTUROUS SPORTSMEN IN THE HARBOR OF STONINGTON, CONN.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I have heard of wonderful trick dogs, but of all the intelligent and sagacious animals the chief is a St. Bernard, owned by Mr. J. S. Smith, of 635 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

Sailor is 6 feet 3 inches in length, stands 31 inches in height, is four years old and weighs 130 pounds, and is valued at \$2,000.

He exhibits extraordinary intelligence, and when scarcely eight months old began his career by saving a little girl from drowning off the pier at Coney Island. Since then he saved two boys from drowning at Rockaway Beach.

Sailor understands nearly everything said to him by his owner, goes to the butcher's, grocer's, etc., and fetches the morning and evening newspapers, and when sent for the Police Gazette he is so thoroughly intelligent that he selects the paper from the stand himself.

It is my opinion that there is very little prospect of a match being arranged between J. L. Malone, the 15-ball pool champion, and Albert T. Frey.

A few weeks ago Malone, accompanied by Gus Tuttle, called at the Police Gazette office, postpaid \$25 with Richard K. Fox, and agreed to arrange a match with Frey for \$500 a side and the 15-ball pool championship.

Frey did not cover Malone's money and did not accept Malone's challenge, although he was backed up with \$500.

I have read of wonderful feats of lifting, but I think the feat alleged to have been accomplished at Chicago by Prof. H. G. Ottignon the boss.

Using a 10-pound dumb-bell, curling it from the thigh, the back of the hand touching the thigh, and changing hands at each hundred, in twenty-one working days, aggregating 11 hours 43½ minutes, he has put up the dumb-bell 25,200 times—an equivalent to raising 252,000 pounds, or 126 tons.

On the first day it took him 13 minutes to put it up 600 times, but he increased his speed with each succeeding day, until Feb. 2 he put it up 2,200 times in 57½ minutes. That was his greatest day's work. His other best days were 2,000 times in 53½ minutes, 1,900 in 42 minutes, 1,400 on six days in from 34 to 44½ minutes, and 1,200 on five days in from 31 to 42 minutes.

Elias C. Laycock is Hanlan's friend and adviser, and he is putting the champion through a thorough course of training at Gladville, Australia.

By the way, I understand Hanlan has challenged John Teemer to row nine races for a stake of \$500 a side on each, the contest to be rowed on different waters, proportionately in Canada and the United States, the distance to be—First race, 1 mile; second, 1½; third, 2; fourth, 2½; fifth, 3; sixth, 3½; seventh, 4; eighth, 4½; ninth, 5.

If Teemer's back has given out, as reported, no one will ever witness a race between Hanlan and his conqueror.

There is a great hue and cry made against betting, book-making and pool-selling.

It is my opinion that a man has a perfect right to spend his money any way he chooses, whether in buying stocks, backing horses, or any speculation.

In regard to book-making, I believe in the system where layers receive a start for their money and book-makers lay fair prices.

But the pool-selling system of betting, I must say, can be made the safest and most open mode of betting.

A trainer and driver should always be on the best of terms, and it is my opinion that many races have been lost by a lack of confidence between the trainer and driver.

The driver should know all the trainer knows, and more, to carry a trotter through a campaign and be successful.

By the way, to achieve eminence as a driver of trotters a man requires the patience of Job, the stoicism and silence of an Indian, the judgment of a marshal and the indomitable pluck and will of a Napoleon Bonaparte.

I understand that turfmen claim Miss Woodford, Dwyer's crack filly, has seen her best days, because she has been blighted.

I think after the turf campaign commences Miss Woodford will conquer more horses than defeat her, and, notwithstanding she has been blighted, she will win nearly every race she starts in after the season advances.

By advices from Chicago I understand Paddy Ryan has been steadily training in expectation of meeting Sullivan in a contest for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, at New Orleans, on April 8.

It is my opinion Paddy Ryan is the only pugilist who has the backbone and necessary pugilistic qualifications to contend against John L. Sullivan for the championship.

I understand that F. M. Bailey, champion amateur skater of Canada, will skate any amateur of America, from 1 to 5 miles, for the "Police Gazette" championship gold medal. Traveling expenses of contestant will be paid.

I understand that Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, is now settled down in San Francisco.

Hart won numerous 6-day races, and had he not levelled himself too much he might still have been among the fastest 6-day pedestrians in the world.

On Feb. 28 George D. Noremac, the famous Scotch pedestrian, finished his great feat of covering 5,100 miles in 100 consecutive days at Milltholm Hall, 466 Eighth avenue, New York.

He commenced the feat on Nov. 3, 1884, and since that time traveled 51 miles daily.

Now, while Noremac's great and successful undertaking will not be placed on record, owing to his failure to have official and responsible time-keepers, etc., every one will admit that the performance is a wonderful one, and the famous pedestrian proved, as he has time and again done before, that he possesses great pluck, wonderful endurance and stamina.

Hugh J. McCormack, the flying skater and famous carman, of St. John, N. B., has proved beyond all cavil that he is the fastest skater in America.

On Feb. 18, at the skating rink, at Hoboken, N. J., on a track 145 feet long, with six laps to a mile, he covered 1,760 yards—1 mile—in the wonderful time of 3 minutes and 16½ seconds.

I think, considering the turns McCormack had to make, the performance was a wonderful one, and he can now boast of having skated the fastest mile in America.

I see that James Keenan, the well-known sporting man of Boston, offers to make Wallace Ross, of St. John, N. B.,

to row a 5-mile race with John Teemer, of McKeesport, for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side.

In regard to the challenge the "Daily News," published in this city, says: "Keenan never issues a challenge unless he means business, and if the backers of the McKeesport carman, who Pittsburgh sporting men claim is a world-beater, desire to clinch the argument, all they have to do is to forward \$500 to Richard K. Fox with articles of agreement, and there will be no hitch in arranging a match."

It is my opinion that nearly two-thirds of the owners of fast teams, which represent in many instances a small fortune, are speeded up the road without their owners ever thinking that some unforeseen or unfortunate accident may, at any moment, occur.

High-bred, mettlesome horses are easily frightened, and no matter how expert a driver may be in handling the reins, it takes wonderful strength, cool judgment, and quick presence of mind to control them.

One of the horses may stumble or the team shy, or the gun of some sportsman may make a report loud enough to scare the horses, and in an instant they may take fright and run away.

If a team is bent on running away no two pair of hands can hold them unless curb-bits are used.

It is all very well to say "I could hold the best team in America" until the time comes and the horses have run away and smashed a valuable wagon or sleigh, and probably injured themselves.

I don't care who the driver may be, he cannot hold a frightened team of horses, no matter whether they have a mania for running away or not.

A. W. Cowan, the owner of Harry Mills and Manhattan, said to be valued at \$15,000, was caught napping on Feb. 19.

While driving his team to a sleigh through Bergen avenue, New Jersey, the rumble of a locomotive frightened Mill Boy, who started to run. The pole broke, and when Manhattan refused to run with his mate he was dragged along until he fell. Yet Cowan could not hold or prevent Mill Boy from running.

The result was that Manhattan broke his leg and Mill Boy was terribly wrenched and bruised.

If Cowan had been on the lookout for an accident, and watched his team like every owner or driver should, he would not have lost Manhattan and ruined Mill Boy.

Trainers and drivers do not like curb-bits, but I insist that it is the only protection for drivers of high-bred, mettlesome teams to prevent runaways.

I have been informed Estella, dam of Alma Mater, a great trotting brood mare, owned jointly by Mr. P. Lorillard and Mr. W. H. Pears, has been sent to Kentucky to rear a family.

The following dates have been agreed upon for the annual sales of thoroughbred yearlings in Kentucky: Runnymede, May 12; Elmendorf, May 13; Woodburn, May 14.

According to the turf statistics, I see that of the twenty-two performers on the turf last season the get of Springfield won \$61,133. The three-year-old Andrian heads the list with \$21,140 to his credit.

Goano, two-year-old, being second, with \$16,638. The latter will be among the crack three-year-olds at the finish of every race this season, and visitors to Coney Island and Long Branch races should make a note of it.

I understand the 15-ball pool tournament for lady players at Brooklyn was a failure, to the disgust of the venerable old gentlemen and the manager of the affair. The scheme was projected by Marx Hartman, who keeps a billiard-room on Flatbush avenue, and he offered valuable prizes to be competed for by the female experts.

Quite a number entered, but they failed to attend at the proper time, and when they did appear they could not compete, having either an engagement or being indisposed, and a hundred excuses.

Hartman did not want to disappoint the many aged gentlemen who nightly congregated at his sporting resort, and he notified the beautiful female pool-players that he would postpone the tournament until the following week, expecting that the ladies would be promptly on hand ready to play.

Again the scheme was a failure. Nearly all the ladies entered were on hand, but one could not play until the night following; another had to attend the "Police Gazette" ball in New York; while another produced a handkerchief with a black border and had to withdraw, owing to the death of a near relative; another pluckily stated that her company objected to her playing on Wednesday and Friday nights, while another objected to opening the game.

The result was Marx Hartman, who had expended considerable money for the time gave up the tournament and sent the following letter to Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—The female pool tournament which took place at my store was not a success, owing to some of the ladies failing to appear, and when they would come it would be too late to commence the game. I postponed the playing till this week, but have not had any better success. Will call to see you soon and give you full particulars. Respectfully, MARX HARTMAN, 602 Atlantic Ave.

Judging from the surroundings, there is now no certainty that there will be a 6-day go-as-you-please race for the championship of the world in Madison Square Garden.

Peter Duryea cannot influence Chas. Rowell to again visit this country until next fall, and Geo. Littlefield is not over-anxious to speed against Fitzgerald, the champion of the world, whose record—610 miles—will stand unbeaten for some time to come.

From present indications there will be few single-soull professional races this season. Rowing has received a black eye by John Teemer's recent exposure, which was bad in itself. Any single-soull race which Teemer arranges will henceforth be looked upon with suspicion.

Sporting men in England have an idea that Perkins is the coming champion carman of England. It is claimed Perkins has routed the Thames championship course in wonderful time and that his backers intend to match him to row Eubear.

I think when carmen row for their own or their backers' money they can make the amount to suit their own convenience. Men of second and third-rate ability have for several seasons been travelling around the country plying their thieving trade wherever the fools could be found to offer them the opportunity to play shark.

And yet I find tons of thousands of dollars have been raised for professional carmen to row for, men whose highest ambition a few years ago never soared beyond a wage of three or four dollars a day.

The big purses that it has become the fashion to offer to professional scullers to row for have bred more swindling in a single season than was ever heard of in the days of small stakes.

Five hundred dollars is looked upon as a reasonable stake in England and double that amount is a high-water mark. In this country double and treble that amount has been received by the notorious scullers to get themselves talked about.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

INQUIRY, N. Y.—No.

H. M., Albany, N. Y.—No.

D. W., Boston, Mass.—No.

D. B., Baltimore, Md.—No.

N. H. B., Selma, Ala.—No.

F. W. G., Sacramento.—No.

H. B., Albany, N. Y.—A wins.

J. C. N., Pawtucket, R. I.—No.

R. W. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—No.

C. E. G., Reading, Pa.—High game goes out first.

M. K., Merced, Kansas.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. No.

M. S., Easton, Pa.—It is a part of the Stewart estate.

READER OF POLICE GAZETTE, Malone, N. M.—A wins.

C. W. M., Morris, Minn.—Cannot furnish the information.

E. and R., El Paso, Tex.—The object-ball is the correct one.

D. F. A., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Yes. 2. It is pronounced De Moines.

WM. M. CLARK, Denver, Col.—Send \$1.25, and we will furnish rules.

W. M., Danbury, Conn.—The player on the left of the dealer leads.

F. W. P., Boston.—Send on a photo and sketch and we will use it.

D. S., Boston.—The population of China is not more than 282,000,000.

M. H., Boston.—The family name of Victoria, Queen of England, is Guelph.

W. J. M., Michigan.—Send 25 cents to us and we will mail you book on boxing.

A. L., Cottonwood, Montana.—We will furnish the book on receipt of 50 cents.

C. J. S., Pittsfield, Pa.—Will forward you book on game bowl. The price is \$1.50.

L. R., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Peck & Snyder's address is 128 Nassau street. 2. Yes.

F. S., New Orleans, La.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge published.

A CHICAGO READER.—It is impossible to furnish the dimensions of the buildings you specify.

S. W. R., Richmond, Va.—1. Yes. 2. Read the Police Gazette and you will be kept posted.

C. P. H., Westfield, Mass.—Jem Mace and Tom King fought twice; each gained a victory.

L. A. B., Knoxville, Ill.—Send \$3.00 and we will send you the best book on breeding game fowls.

D. S., Boston.—The Police Gazette will fill all orders for sporting goods of all descriptions.

F. A. B., Brooklyn.—Send your request, with name and address, to our advertising department.

M. H., Columbus, Ohio.—Daniel Kane's (of Cincinnati) address is 306 Poplar street, Philadelphia.

J. C., Deadwood, D. T.—Napoleon Bonaparte was conceded to be the greatest ruler of modern times.

T. D., Sheepshead, Ga.—Jem Mace is acknowledged to be the most talented pugilist in the world.

S. W., Hensdale, Pa.—Hugh J. McCormick, the champion skater of America, is also a carman.

R. N. P., Perry, Mich.—Yes, the "Police Gazette" rules of wrestling giving him full power to do so.

A SUBSCRIBER, Menoken, Dakota.—Procure a druggist's almanac. Battyink is a first-class remedy.

CONSTANT READER, Salem, Mass.—It is impossible to decide who is the best, there are no many strong men.

RATS, Brooklyn.—1. Write to Harry Jennings. 2. Jocho is credited with killing 1,000 rats in 14 hours in England.

J. W., Boston.—1. E. P. Weston is residing in this country. 2. Weston's best 6-day record is 550 miles 100 yards, in 14th 55m 10s.

J. B., West Brookfield, Mass.—1. Paddy Ryan. 2. Send for the Champions of the American Prize Ring; it contains full report of the battle.

GYMNASIUM, New York.—1. Wood's gymnasium, in Twenty-eighth street, New York. 2. Send for "The Betting Man's Guide" to this office.

W. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, claimed the championship of England in 1850, after his battle with Tom Faddock.

C. V. J., Rochester, N. Y.—We are astonished at your asking for such information. The buyers as well as the makers of it ought all to serve the State.

SALOON-KEEPER, Lynn, Mass.—If you want a photo of Richard K. Fox send to John Wood, 200 Bowery, New York. He will furnish you with one.

THOS. M., Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. W. G. George, 421 3rd St., New York city, Nov. 11, 1884. 2. H. J. McCormack, 318½ 6th street, Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 14, 1885.

G., Wallingford.—The track is straight about 300 yards in length for foot-racing, and there is also a circular track. The short-distance track is laid with clinders.

M. S., Stapleton, S. L.—1. No. 2. Edmund, better known as Ned Price, defeated Australian Kelly in 11 rounds, lasting 32m, at Point Albino, Canada, Oct. 6, 1883.

S. F. W., Pawtucket.—Peter Johnson remained under water in a tank 4m 3½s, at Royal Mistle Hall, London, Eng., April 6, 1883, which is the best time on record.

J. L., Boston.—1. No. 2. Abe Hicken never fought Billy Edwards. 3. Abe Hicken and Larry Foley fought in Aspinwall March 13, 1876. Foley won in 15 rounds, lasting 1h 30m.

J. B., Richmond, Va.—Richard K. Fox owns the Police Gazette and no other journal. Make no mistake, but address all communications to Richard K. Fox, Franklin square.

W. H. S., Beloit, Kan.—Have the records of skaters on ice and rollers, but they do not form a record because the tracks are not properly surveyed or the time not kept by responsible parties.

J. ROBINSON, Athol, Mass.—There are so many advertisements of a similar character from time to time that unless you can give us the date of the paper we cannot afford you the precise information you desire.

INQUIRY, Osceola, Pa.—1. Sullivan's weight when he fought Paddy Ryan, was 185 lbs. 2. Ryan weighed 180 lbs. 3. Yes, in the ninth round. 4. Send for the "Life of John L. Sullivan" to this office.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Paddy Ryan. 2. John C. Heenan weighed 186 lbs, and Tom King 182 lbs, in their memorable battle at Wadhurst, England, Dec. 10, 1883. Heenan stood 6 ft 1½ in, King 6 ft 2½ in in height.

S. W., Bangor, Me.—Nat Langham is the only pugilist that defeated Tom Sayers. Nat Langham was born at Hinchley, England, in 1820. Sixty-one rounds in 2h 30m. Sayers was blind when he left the ring.

S. G., Brighton, Mass.—1. No. 2. Frank Hart was the only pedestrian who ever won the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. 3. Peter J. Pancho's score, when he won the McCoy, Samuel & O'Rourke belt, was 480½ miles in 14th 7m 12s.

C. J. SAVAGE, New York City.—Peter McCann and Hussey McVigh did fight. The battle was for £25 a side and was fought at Ballymena, Ireland, on May 31, 1850. Sixty-seven rounds were fought in 1h 37m, when McCann was declared the winner.

MAXWELL, Hockville, N. Y.—As we do not permit goods to be advertised that are illegal of sale we cannot imagine why you ask the question you do. If you want to buy goods contrary to law the columns of the Police Gazette are the last place in the world to find them.

J. H., New York.—1. Joe Cohran and John L. Sullivan have boxed together several times. 2. Jem Mace. 3. John C. Heenan and Jem Mace only gave an exhibition, and never contended for the supremacy. Send 30 cents and we will forward you Jack Burke's record.

J. W., Chicago, Ill.—1. Billy Edwards defeated Sam Collyer

three times. 2. If you had sent your queries to the Police Gazette you would not have lost your money. 3. We cannot be responsible for the many mistakes the imitation of the Police Gazette makes.

J. W. B., Pittsfield, Pa.—1. The cushion carrom game of billiards consists in making the player's ball carrom on the cue-ball, striking the cushion before making the count; that is, either before striking the object-ball or the second ball. 2. Malone is the champion pool-player.

J. W. R., Alexandria, Va.—1. Ben Caunt did visit this country. 2. Wm. Thompson, better known as Bendigo, and Ben Caunt fought July 28, 1835, at Nottingham District, England. Caunt was decided the winner by Bendigo going down without a blow. The fight lasted 1h 30m.

TWO READERS, Kearney, Neb.—1. The dimensions of the Great Eastern are: Length, 622 ft, breadth, 53 ft, depth of hold, 53 ft, tonnage, 23,000 tons. 2. City of Rome—length, 560 ft, beam, 52.3 ft, depth, 37 ft, tonnage, 8,415 tons. 3. The Alaska—length, 500 ft, beam, 50 ft, depth, 30 ft, tonnage, 6,533 tons.

D. W., Richmond, Va.—Charles Marston sailed over the falls at Augusta, Me., in a wherry, on April 13, 1830. Marston, accompanied by Mayer F. Davis, attempted the feat again on April 16, 1830, but the boat upset and they had a narrow escape from drowning. The height of the falls is said to be 35 ft.

S. W., Hartford, Conn.—1. You should always ask for the Police Gazette, and see that you receive it. 2. Richard K. Fox has no connection with the imitation of the Police Gazette published in Boston. Send all communications to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, Franklin square, New York.

S. H., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. It remains between Dr. W. F. Carver and Capt. A. Bogartus to decide who is champion. At New York, on Dec. 30, 1878, Bogartus attempted to break 5,500 glass balls inside of 7h 30m 3s. Bogartus used a shotgun, stood 15 yards from the traps and smashed the 5,500 balls in 7h 19m 2s.

B. K., Seventeenth street, New York.—1. No; the President of the United States can only pardon criminals convicted by court-martial of the army and navy and by Federal court. In all State cases the Governor's decision is unappealable. 2. Murderers have occasionally been pardoned by a President in Territories, but never in a State.

C. D., Cherry Hill, Cecil Co., Md.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan only fought once as opponents in the arena. They fought for \$10,000 at Rock Point at the mouth of the Hill Pond Creek, Kent Co., Maryland, on Feb. 7, 1849. Hyer won in 16 rounds, fought in 18m 17s. Hyer showed himself capable of contending with any pugilist in the world.

S. W., Rutland, Vt.—The following are the dates of the Eastern Circuit trotting meetings: Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, May 12; Belmont Park, Philadelphia, May 19; Point Breeze, Philadelphia, May 26; New York Driving Club, June 2; Charter Oak Park, Hartford, June 9; Narransett Park, Providence, June 16; Myrtle Park, Boston, June 23; Beacon Park, Boston, June 30.

D. S., New York City.—The City of London, by a Parliamentary Act passed in 1855, contains about 132 square miles. The City of Fokin contains about 27 square miles. Before the Parliamentary Act, London proper only embraced the Metropolitan district, which was small. It now has over 180 parishes. Fokin is composed of a Chinese and a Tartar city, each on either side of the river. London is in Middlesex county.

M. W. S., Baltimore.—The following are the dates of Sullivan's glove contests in Madison Square Garden: On July 17, 1883, Tag Wilson and John L. Sullivan, May 14, 1883, John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell, Aug. 8, 1883, John L. Sullivan and Herbert A. Slade, June 30, 1884, Charles Mitchell and John L. Sullivan, Nov. 10, 1884, Nov. 18, 1884, Alf Greenfield and John L. Sullivan, Jan. 18, 1885, Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan.

H. M. W., Portland, Me.—The great glove fight for \$2,500 a side, between Jack Brady, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, and Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, was decided at the Wigwag, San Francisco, on Dec. 17, 1884. In the second round Brady fought Slade to a standstill. The Maori's hands fell to his sides, and Brady striking him on the cheek, he fell in a limp mass. He failed to get up in the 10s, and the fight was awarded to Brady.

J. M. C., Bordenstown, N. J.—Tommy Bates, the pugilist, was born in Wallington, Lancashire, Eng. He is forty years of age and weighs 135 lbs. Bates has appeared a number of times in the prize ring in England. His first fight was with Harry Kimberley, of Birmingham, Aug. 23, 1865, Bates being beaten in 96 rounds, 2h 17m. He next fought a draw with Peter Barnaghan, of Glasgow, for \$125 a side, 60 rounds, 2h 10m, Sept. 4, 1868. Bates received from his backers as a present the amount of the stakes and colors, also a silver cup. He was seconded by Tom Allen and a brother of Bates. He fought Harry Neville, of Liverpool, for \$125 a side at 124 lbs, winning in 30m, 36 rounds, May 23, 1877. Bates next, on Feb. 18, 1880, fought Teddy Curley, of Leeds, for \$50, was taken with phivers and lost after fighting 23 rounds in 60m. Bates weighed 124 lbs, Curley 122½ lbs. Bates again challenged Curley, but could not get on another matter. He next fought Jim Mace's "Buff" of Norwich, a glove fight for a purse, in Liverpool, winning in 23m. Bates received several forfeits, among them one of \$15 from Swaddy Reese, of Bristol.

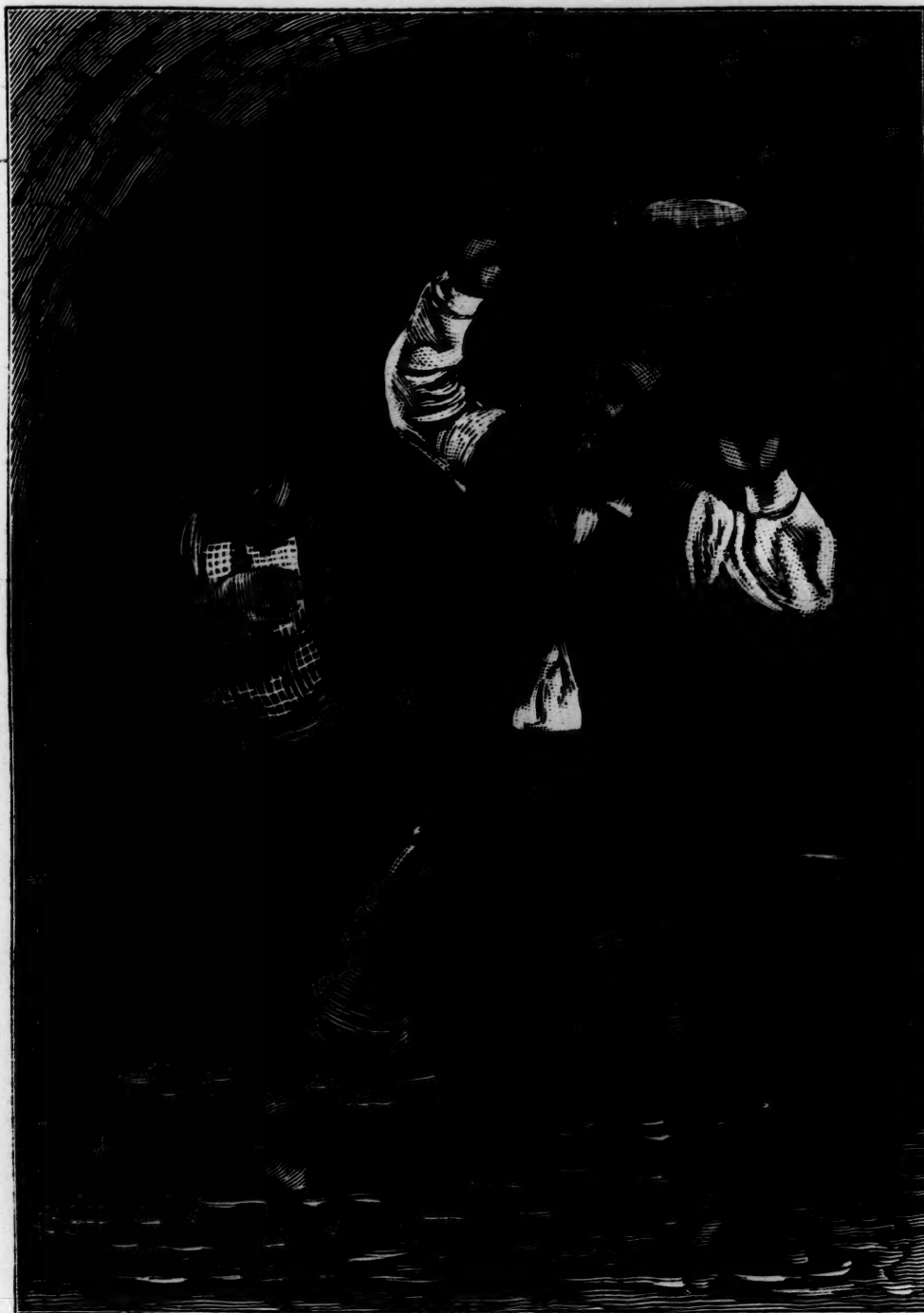
H. W., Elgin, Ill.—The third contest for the O'Leary belt, representing the 6-day go-as-you-please championship of America, commenced at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 28 and ended March 5, 1885. Nineteen pedestrians paid \$100 entrance fee and started in the race. The following shows the miles covered and time occupied:

	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Time of Retirement.</i>
1st	Pancho.	541½	139 4
2d	Krohn.	523½	141 3
3d	Curran.	504½	140 4
4th	James.	489½	136 4
5th	Sullivan.	461½	126 3
6th	Campana.	450½	128 2
7th	H. Howard.	225½	
8th	J. Allen.	179½	
9th	M. Tysman.	85½	24 4
10th	J. Kania.	90	28 3
11th	D. Berna.	118	22 1
12th	J. Hughes.	115½	35 3
13th	T. Goodling.	111	21 1
14th	P. Ryan.	57½	17 1
15th	W. Santiago.	55½	13 2
16th	C. Hadenwacker.	54½	11 1
17th	E. Hart.	44	11 4
18th	G. Raig.	14	4



WILLIAM THORNE,

THE ALLEGED HISTORIC INHERITOR OF THE FAMOUS BUT IMMATERIAL TITLE OF DUKE OF NORMANDY.



SEWER DEATH.

FIVE MEN COME TO A HORRIBLE AND INGLOUS END IN A FOUL CHICAGO DRAIN PIPE.



MRS. WILLIAM THORNE,

THE CHARMING AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG ACTRESS WHO IS SAID TO BE THE PRESENT DUCHESS OF NORMANDY.



CHARLES VATIKERE,

THE YOUTHFUL AND MODEST BUT WELL-KNOWN LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR OF THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.



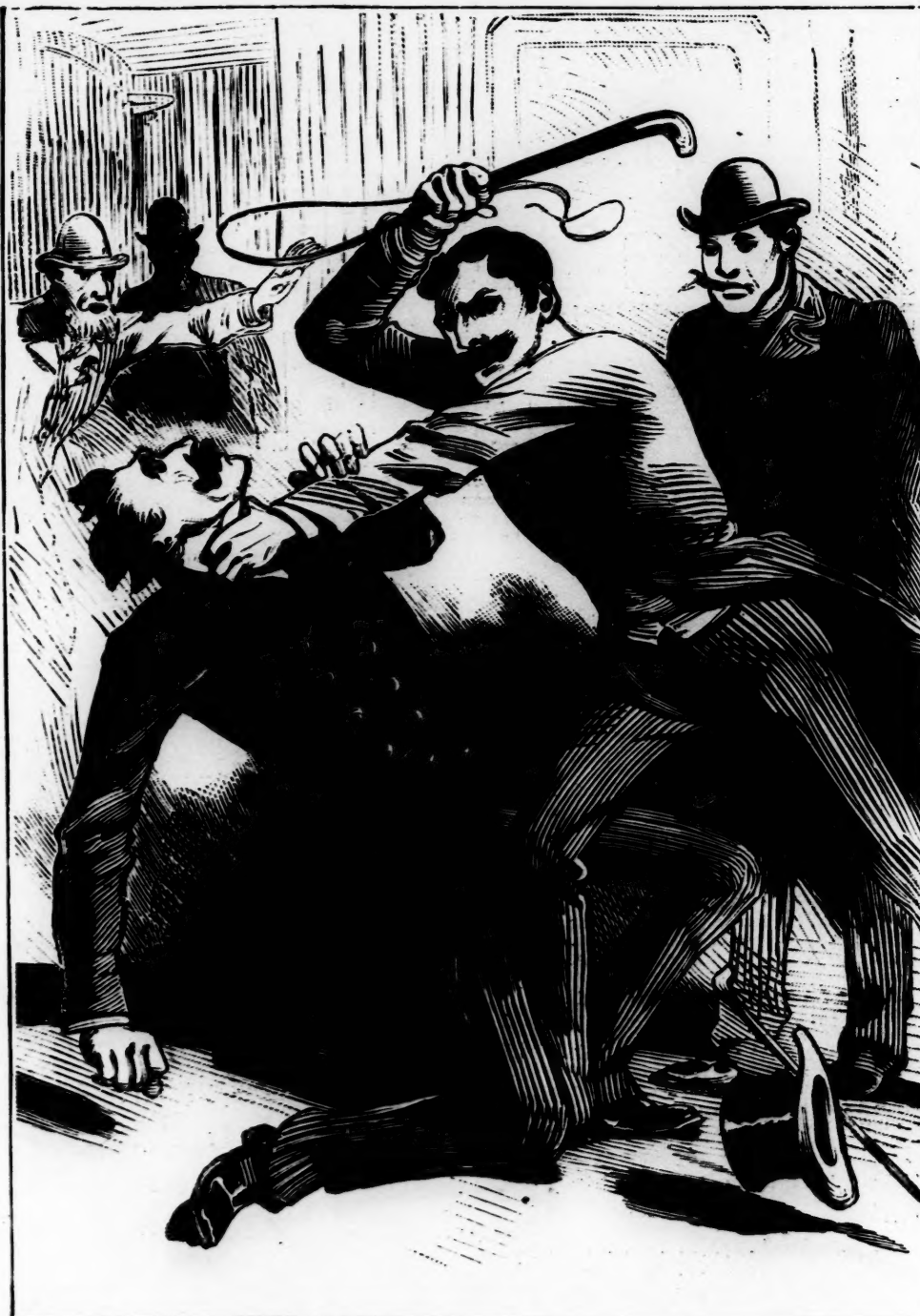
JOSEPH COBB,

THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST DESERVEDLY POPULAR MEMBER OF THE RICHMOND COUNTY, STATEN ISLAND, POLICE.



BEECHER'S DOG.

IT EVINCES AN OVERWEENING PASSION FOR THE HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT.



LEGISLATIVE COWHIDING.

TWO CANADIAN EDITORS COME TO BLOWS OVER A LADY'S NAME IN THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.



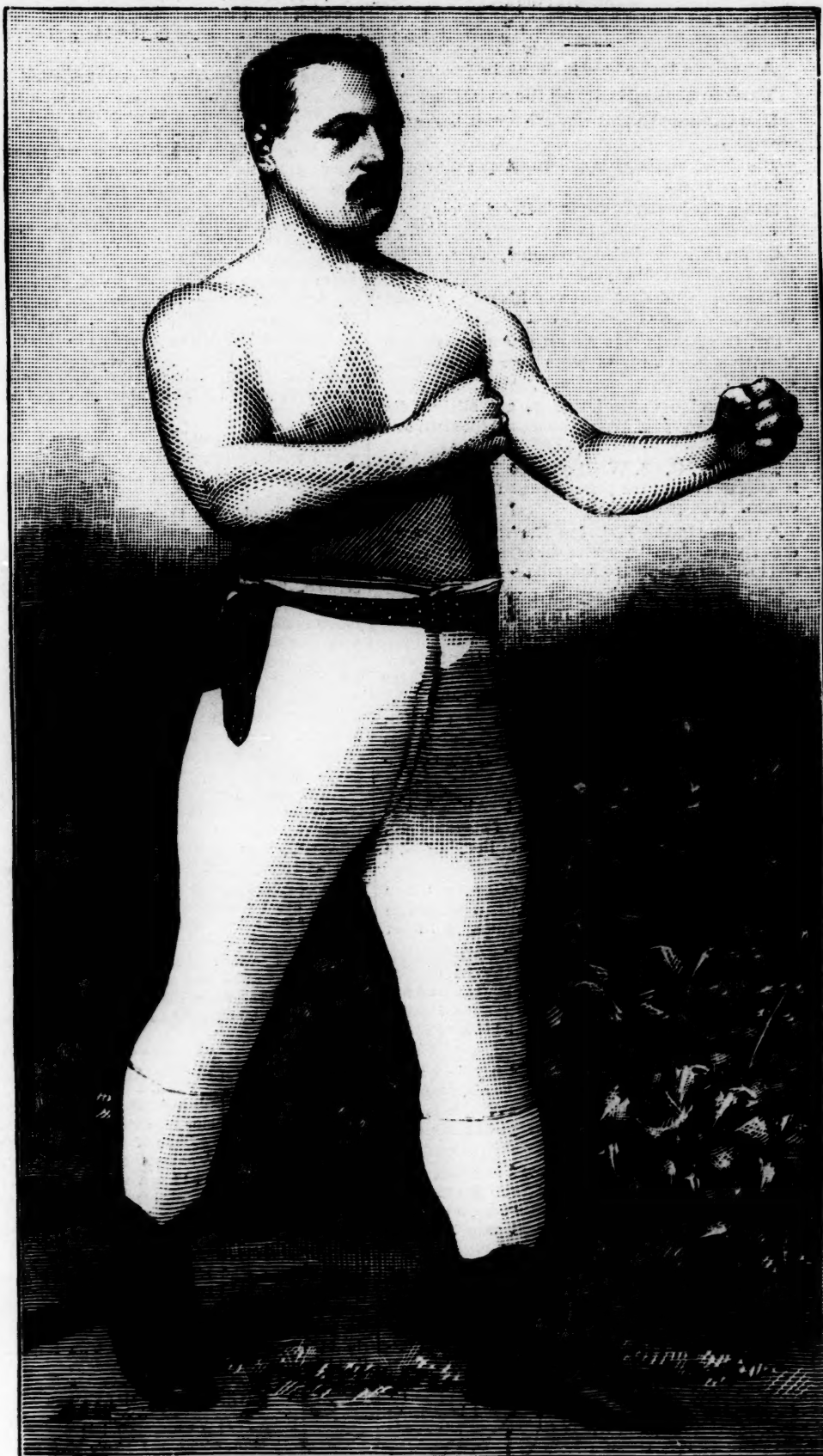
WILLIAM SPRINGALL,
THE STURDY YOUNG ENGLISH MIDDLE-WEIGHT WHO RECALLS TOM SAYERS IN HIS PRIME.
[Photo by John Wood.]



J. W. ALLINSON,
THE GENIAL LANDLORD AND MANAGER OF THE "AMERICAN BAR," LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.



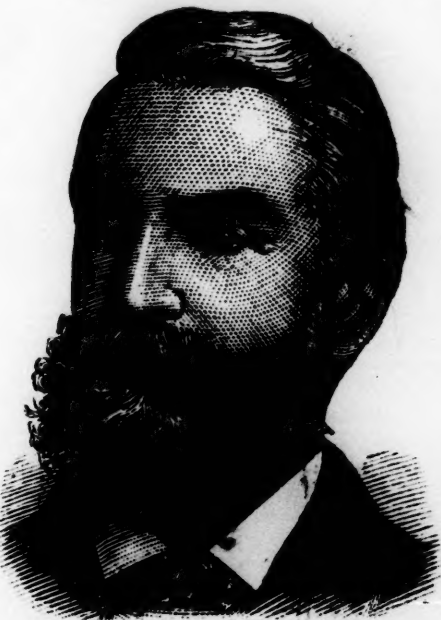
ARTHUR MAGNUS,
THE POPULAR SPORTSMAN AND BOOK-MAKER OF THE ENGLISH TURF.



GEORGE FRYER,
THE ENGLISH BOXER WHOM ARTHUR CHAMBERS BACKS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.
[Photo by John Wood.]

BEFORE THE BAR.

High License in Oregon--American Beer in England and Australia--The Growlers' Lodge, Etc., Etc.



DAVID BOYLE

This gentleman is the great inventor of ice and refrigerating machinery, which has done so much for the proper keeping of beer. He comes of the liquor trade. His father was a liquor dealer and grocer near Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born. He emigrated to Mobile, Ala., in 1879, and started his foundation on ice-machines by making some \$8,000 in selling cold lemonade in four months. After a struggle of fifteen years Mr. Boyle perfected the art of artificial refrigeration in his machines, and now they are in use in over a hundred Western breweries. Mr. Boyle has made himself wealthy by his useful inventions, and lives in good style in Chicago, where he also conducts his business. Personally, he is a man of sterling integrity and greatly respected in the Western metropolises among the trade.

American lager beer is drunk in London.

Yankee cocktails are all the go in England.

The Chinese in this city are great lager beer drinkers.

Straight whisky is the most popular spirit on the universe.

Billy Pearsall, of Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, is a Sunday-school young man.

Commissioner John Brennan, of Jersey City, says water is only fit to put out fires.

Sammy produced some of his rare old stock on the occasion of Cleveland's visit to Greystone.

Dr. Dio Lewis says Americans eat too much. This is a good item to paste over the free-lunch counters.

The Excise Commissioners are still on the hunt for the scalps of druggists who sell cocktails over their counters.

The Rev. C. S. Williams, of M. E. Church, is surprised to find the press against the temperance cranks. How queer.

A writer in the *Victorian Review*, Melbourne, declares American lager beer far superior to German and especially adapted to Australia.

The road house keepers are quite happy. They have sighing at last. However, they keep an anxious weather eye on the thermometer.

The police failed to convict the Atlantic Garden bartenders. Milk Inspector Munson, of the Health Board, testified that the beer was only "Weiss."

In these days of blizzards, the prohibition cranks of Iowa are only too willing to sneak in and get a hot whisky to keep their thin blood from freezing.

The suit of Waldron against Abbott, the brewer, to recover \$5,000 for the death of his son, John, last December, was decided in favor of the plaintiff, a verdict for \$750 being given.

The dealers, especially the Germans, are making strenuous efforts to get the bill passed before the Albany Legislature granting them an appeal from the decisions of Excise Commissioners.

The Owl's Retreat, a small tavern at Canarsie, a favorite resort of fishermen, has gone to sea afloat in the ice floes. Masses of ice gathered about it, and, rising with the tide, lifted it and carried it out as the tide receded.

George Patterson, of Dobb's Ferry, to win a wager of \$5, ate twenty and a half lemon pies and washed them down with four glasses of beer in one hour and six minutes. The beverage was his only salvation in this "plous" act.

A clock made entirely of bread is a curiosity at one of the breweries in Italy. An attempt to make such a clock was made by the Vassar College girls recently, but they found that their bread would not do for anything but the weights.

The complaint against James Cassidy, of 411 Third avenue, a dealer of this city and son-in-law of Police Captain Ryan, has been dismissed, and also the case of Cassidy's bartender, who was charged by ex-Assemblyman Peter Woods with assault.

The dealers of Rome, Ga., are preparing to boycott a large number of men who continually drink to excess, thus injuring themselves and not benefiting the saloons. When the list is fully made out every dealer will pay \$50 forfeit if he sells to a man on the list.

Steenwerth Brothers gave a festive opening of their new Brooklyn headquarters, corner of Court and Sackett streets, on Tuesday evening last. A host

of prominent people attended the genial service. It has already become one of the popular places in the City of Churches.

The Oregon Legislature has just passed a bill making license \$300 a year. The local option principle is incorporated with the high-license basis, one provision of the law being that license can be issued only on petition of a majority of the voters in the precinct where it is sought to locate a saloon.

At the recent auction of wines of the Marquis de Casa Fuente, which was held at the Hotel Drouot, six bottles of Chateau Lafite, '65, fetched 770 francs, \$24 the bottle; twelve bottles Johannisberger, 750 francs and twenty-five bottles of fine champagne brandy realized \$17 per bottle. These prices are not extraordinary for those who remember the sale which took place four years ago in the same rooms, when two bottles of Chateau Margaux fetched \$77. On that occasion the chief purchaser was M. de Baviensky, whose magnificent art collection has just been sold, and whose cellars were noted as the richest private cellars in Europe. The present purchaser is one of the best known restaurateurs in Paris, and the same wines now figure in his wine list at the margin of profit of 45 francs a bottle. The brandy is priced at \$3.50 per glass.

The Grand Lodge of the Growlers held its second session a few Sundays ago in this city. About fifty delegates were present, representing the New York and Washington lodges. Grand Chief Growler John H. Conway presided. The officers elected for the coming year were: Truman A. Merriman, Grand Chief; and William F. Wolf, Deputy Grand Chief Growler; George L. Saxe, Grand Unlimited Growler; Harry C. Brown, Grand Limited Growler; T. F. O'Neill, Grand Recording Growler; John P. Windolph, Grand Financial Growler; Louis Muninger, Grand Recording Financial Growler; John H. Conway, Grand Lecturer; Dr. Walter, Col. D. H. C. Sprague, Col. J. H. Jenks, J. F. Fisher and William Brill, Trustees. The Grand Lodge will meet in Washington next year.

It is quite amusing to witness the cheek of the dude in the up-town cafe. He trips in so sprightly and devours the lunch so cheerfully, selecting the choicest bits with the greatest care. Then slips over before the mirror and tenderly brushes his giddy bang, washes his dainty fingers and asks the bartender, with the air of a Vanderbilt, for a few sheets of writing-paper, envelopes, postage-stamps and a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Sitting in the cozy corner he pores over the bright pages until he has received inspiration enough to write his gushing letters to his dear Maude. After which he again attacks the lunch, filling his pockets with toothpicks and crackers. If possible at this moment he will make his escape; but, if the bartender's watchful eye is upon him, he will advance to the bar and sip a nickel's worth of sweet cider.

The late Thurlow Weed suggested that the Congress of the United States should take action upon the subject and pass the proper summary law, which would effect the destruction of adulterated liquors in this country. It is probable that Mr. Weed was mistaken as to the power of Congress to make a law relating to the subject, not that the power belongs to the States. The law could be made with a few simple and plain provisions, and in it the Governor should have the authority to appoint chemists in every locality where spirituous liquors are sold, whose duty it should be to examine all vessels containing liquors, and to condemn and destroy the impure and cause to be punished all persons dealing in them. Should such a law as suggested be carried into effect in this country the grape-growing business would increase and there would be substituted in place of poisonous beverages pure wines, pure beers and other pure and wholesome drinks.

This is the cast-iron bill drawn up by those very liberal gentlemen who favor high licenses and other nails in the coffins of the respectable dealers of this State:

"In cities of more than 300,000 population, liquor license, \$1,000 a year; ale and beer license, \$100; in smaller cities, towns, or villages, liquor license, \$500; ale and beer, \$50. Absolute Sunday closing is prescribed. The proposed penalty for illicit sale is from \$25 to \$250 for a first offense, and from ten days to six months imprisonment for subsequent offenses. The proposed penalty for violating the terms of a liquor license (as by selling at unlawful times or maintaining a disorderly house) is a fine of from \$50 to \$500 for a first offense, and for the next imprisonment for from ten days to six months and forfeiture of the license. For violating a beer license the penalties are the same, except that the fines are smaller. If liquor is kept in a beer-house the law is to presume that it is kept there for sale. Selling liquor or beer to children under sixteen is made a misdemeanor. The bill provides that where objection is taken to the granting or refusal of a license, power of review shall rest with the Mayor, and his ruling shall be reversed only by the unanimous vote of the licensing authority. The hours of closing are fixed from 12 midnight to 6 A. M. No liquor or beer licenses are to be granted to concert halls or to any person convicted of crime or misdemeanor. The bill, after passing the final revision committee, will be submitted to a representative conference and to a mass meeting of citizens, and then will at once be introduced in the Senate and Assembly."

CONDUCTOR CHARLES VATTIERE.

(With Portrait.)

This young conductor grew up on a railroad. He is as much at home on a train of cars as a millionaire in his mansion. Charley commenced his connection with the Long Island Railroad as a messenger-boy, and by his strict attention to business and energy has worked himself to his present position. He is one of the youngest and most modest conductors in the country, and a general favorite among the line, especially among the lady folks, who admire his tall figure and pleasing face. Among railroaders he is very popular. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge at Jamaica, where all the good boys on the road meet. Charley is on the right track, and will no doubt reach an important station in his railroad career.

MR. ARTHUR MAGNUS.

(With Portrait.)

This gentleman, whose picture we have great pleasure in publishing in our issue this week, is one who is well known in England as one of the straightest men on the turf. He has been here on a visit, traveling through the most interesting parts of the United States and seen all the sights this country affords. He

was greatly impressed with the hospitality which was shown to him on all sides, and should any of his newly-made friends ever visit the mother country they may rely on as hearty a reception as he received at their hands.

THE following testimonial is from Mr. Solomon Weil, a gentleman well known in Baltimore: "Mr. Weil's case was considered hopeless from the start, his friends actually having arranged for his funeral. They hearing of the curative qualities of Duffy's Malt Whisky suggested a trial. The suggestion was acted on with great success, for in a short time he was entirely cured, and by the use of this whisky alone, Mr. Weil is to-day attending to his business as usual."

BALTIMORE, MD., May 5, 1884.

The Duffy Malt Whisky Company: "GENTLEMEN--In December last I was suddenly stricken at my hotel with a severe hemorrhage, losing about one gallon of blood at the first attack, and large quantities frequently thereafter. My case was considered hopeless from the start, and so certain were my friends that I would die that they actually arranged for my funeral. On the 30th day of December I was removed to the Hebrew Hospital, and was there cured by my physician to use cod liver oil and whisky. On advice, the whisky I used was your famous sure Malt. In a short time I discarded the oil, using only your whisky. I feel that I owe my life to the saving qualities and purity of your whisky, and earnestly recommend it to any person suffering from pulmonary complaints or hemorrhage."

Yours, very sincerely, SOL WEIL, Late Excelsior Clothing House.

TO ADVERTISERS.

MADAME M. LATOUR, Manufacturer of and dealer in Superior Preparations for Beautifying the Face and Form, 2,146 Lexington Ave., cor 128th St. New York, Feb. 17, 1885.

Richard K. Fox: "I will say I now advertise in over 200 different papers, and I have never received so good returns as from your paper. Respectfully, MADAME M. LATOUR."

TO ADVERTISERS.

OFFICE OF BON TON NOVELTY CO., FOXBORO, MASS., Feb. 22, 1885.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: "DEAR SIR--We consider the *POLICE GAZETTE* the 'champion' advertising medium of the world. Yours truly, BON TON COMPANY, Foxboro, Mass."

TO ADVERTISERS.

In future the columns of the *GAZETTE* will close on Wednesday, in lieu of Thursday. Our patrons will be governed accordingly.

SPORTING RESORTS.

The Irish Giant's Sporting House, 109 Bowery, New York. Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, proprietor. A great show every night. All the Irish champion pugilists and athletes will appear. Seating capacity for 500. Hall well ventilated. Admission free.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety Theatre, 20 East Houston St., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

Dalley's Concert Hall, cor. Pleasant and Seventh Streets, Fall River, Mass. Boxing, Wrestling and variety performance every night. JAMES DALLEY, Proprietor.

Patay Hogan's Varieties and Sporting House, leads the Pacific Coast, 865 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

JEWELERS.

D. Keller, 24 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the *POLICE GAZETTE* is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the *GAZETTE*, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value. Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence. Estimates submitted upon application. A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 2.00 " Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/4 inches each, and 2 1/4 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE. No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention. Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX, New York

PHOTOGRAPHS.

DEMOCRATS, INDEPENDENTS, ALL!

I now offer "a real art treasure"--the Best Souvenir Engraving yet issued of

CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS,

Surrounded by Tilden, Jefferson, Jackson and McClellan. Unique Design. Three Chromatic Tints. Heavy plate paper, 22x23. Should adorn the wall of every store, workshop and home. By mail, 50 cents; 3 for \$1.00. Agents wanted. T. BROPHY, 315 Stanhope Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Notice to Sporting Men.--Little Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 23 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the *POLICE GAZETTE* photographer.

"AH, THERE! Just My Style." Five Superb photos and 14 spicy pictures, natural as life, showing a young married couple in all sorts of antics. By mail, 30c. Pocket-book free with every order. Address Geo. T. Wilson, Box 322, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS.

Male and Female, taken from nature. Red hot in sets of 3, sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed, 3 sets, \$2. W. SCOTT, 29 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Portrait of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of America, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 one-cent stamps. RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, New York City.


Choice Cabinets! Male, 13c.; Female, 13c.; Scenes, 13c.; Colored, 25c.; Set, 50c.; 3 sets, \$1; dozen sets, \$2.50. Box 173, Philadelphia, Pa.

Good Chance! A lot of Cleveland and Hendricks pictures for sale very cheap. Address F. O. Box 40, New York City.

20 Spicy Photos (from nature). New, 10c. (silver). Secured. Box 100 Photo Co., Foxboro, Mass.

SPORTING GOODS.

Bencke Bros., Champion Pedestrian and Athletic Shoemakers, 189 and 201 Canal St., N. Y.



DUFFY'S

—PURE—

Malt Whiskey.

Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

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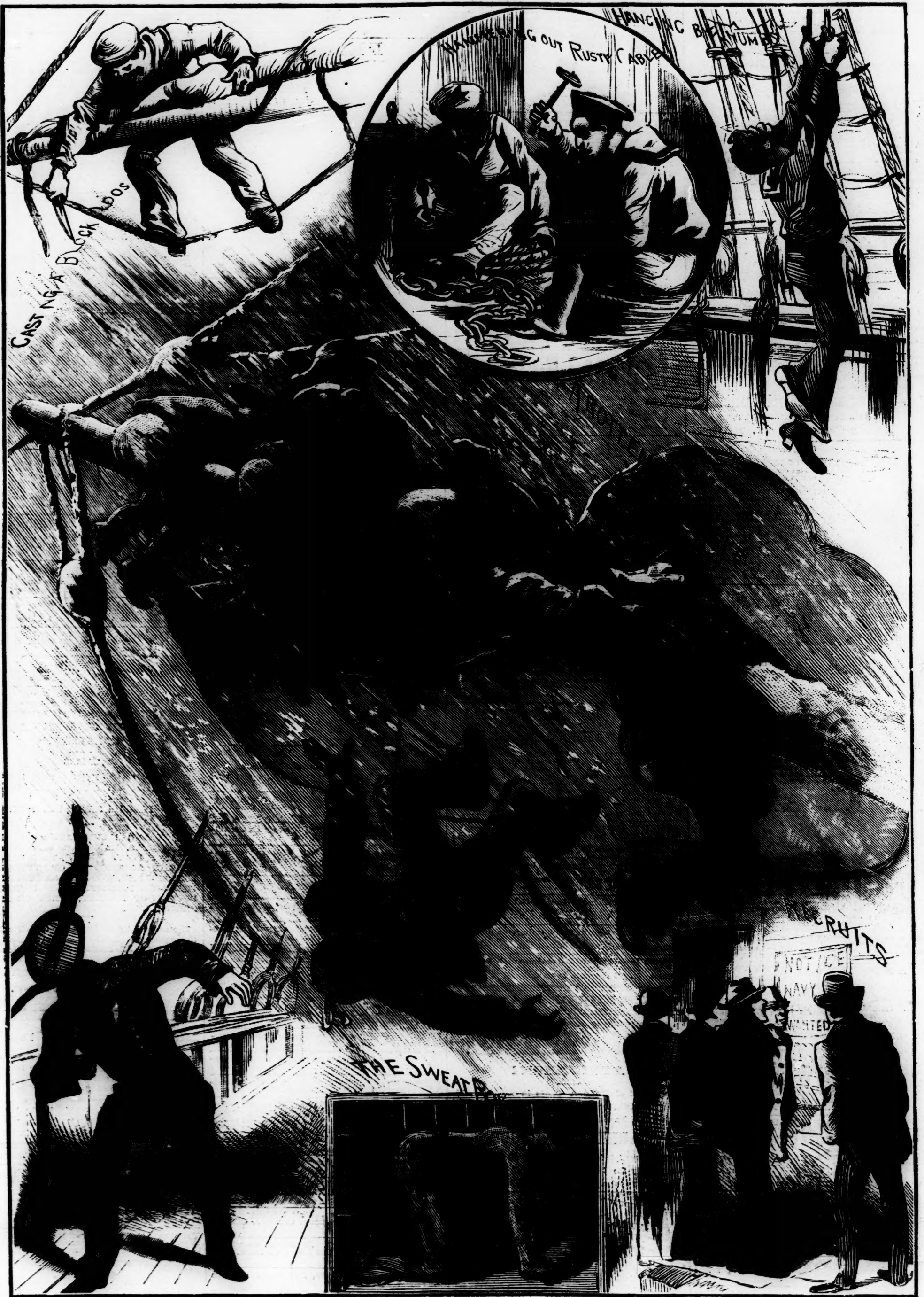
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